NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

TO E. S. L.

Who had been severely afflicted by the death of a friend. Written a short time previous to her marriage.

BY J. BLANCHARD.

Hark! Lady: Hark to my harp's waking murmurs,
List! for the song of its echoes is thine.
Listen.—Thy fate is unseal'd by its numbers,
Which tell thee of joys which must never be mine.
My heart is a lone one—there breathes not on earth;
One spirit that wakes it is sorrow or mirth.

SONG.

I.

The star of thy destiny, Lady: is beaming
Through clouds that sleep calmly on life's spotted sky:
Young star-beams of bliss from that pure gem are streaming [eye!
Those clouds cannot quench them,—they burst on thine
Then cheer thee: O cheer thee: for dark though they be,
The brighter those beams which waft gladness to thee.

II.

The form which thou dream'st of when dun night is sleeping,
That form is no phantom thou sometime shalt prove;
That eye-flash hath life, and—thy transport completing—
Those lips too have language—the language of love:
Whose accents shall soothe thee when sorrow is near,
And sorrow, remember, we all must find here.

Hark! Lady, Hark, for those murmurs are dying,
My harp breathes no longer—aye, fled is that spell,
Like the last falt'ring accents of hearts that are sighing
When, parting forever, they struggle farewell!
But the last ling'ring tones by its melody given
Seem'd to promise thee bliss—seem'd to whisper of Heav'n!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GAMESTERS.

'I bid thee of this fair smiling fiend beware.'
Darwin.

'Her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth.' *Byron.*

'Oh, look upon her face! eternity
Is shadowed there.' *Wilson.*

'They were not common links, that formed the chain
That bound to Lara, Kaled's heart and brain.'
Byron.

'For death was dear to him, that had provok't God's ire.'
Spenser.

EVENING came on beautiful and still, and as the last rose-touched and floating clouds faded away, the moonbeams threw their silvery light upon the bent head of Mr Anston, the aged pastor of L—church; as he sat beside the open window in an attitude of apparently painful meditation! Time had been when the sound of mirthful feet had echoed in the old man's dwelling, and the voice of merry laughter, as it gushed from the innocent heart of childhood, had been dear; but one by one, the bride of his young days, and the children whose smiles had made his hearth a place of gladness, went down to the 'city of the silent;' and of all whom he had loved, two only remained; the son and daughter of his favorite child, who returned to her birth-place, but to give them to his arms and die! One of these children, a young and lovely girl, now stood by Mr Anston's side. Her blooming cheek and soft blue eye contrasting beautifully with the time-touched features of her grandfather; and on the opposite side of the room, reclined upon a couch, was a youth apparently twenty-two or three years of age. Genius had set its impress on the high and lofty brow, and the light of intellect shone in the thrilling glance of the raven eye; but on the lip, the full proud lip, something of scorn seemed to play, which ill befitted one so young. A large Newfoundland dog laid at his feet, and ever and anon he would stroke the head of the faithful creature, and then rising, pace the room as if troubled thought was busy in his breast. Again he cast himself upon the couch, with his eye fixed upon the time-piece, which pointed to the hour of eight; and after a moment of silence, rose and exclaimed—

Farewell! my dear sir—farewell! sweet sister. The hour of parting has come.

Mr Anston raised his head, and regarded the agitated countenance of the young man in silence.

Louis! said he at length, in a low and mournful tone—since your acquaintance with Charles Osmond, your smile has less frequently thrown its sunshine over my lonely hours, and your seat in the temple of the 'Most High' is often vacant. Mr Maudant too complains that your visits to his sister have been few of late. Oh, my son! shall the cheek of the bright and beautiful being who has given into your keeping the wealth of her young affections, fade beneath the chilling blight of scorn and neglect? Louis! I fear Mr Osmond is not what he seems; I can see through his designs, and with the spirit of prophecy, would bid you beware!

Louis Howard's brow flushed the deepest crimson, and a mingled expression of impatience and anger passed over his face, as he answered—

Charles Osmond is generous and noble, and the character of my friend is above the aspersions even of my own relatives.

Louis! Louis! exclaimed his sister in a tone of reproachful tenderness—you forget to whom you are speaking.

Strange infatuation! resumed Mr Anston. But petulant boy! cling to this noble friend, for whom you have discarded Roscoe Maudant, the open hearted companion of your childhood. He will leave you not, till he has bound you in toils all too strong to burst—till your 'household gods' are broken, and the fire is quenched on the hearth-stone. Then when the mark of scorn is on your brow; unmindful of the ruin, which he has made of all that was once kind and good; he will be as the summer bird, that spreads its pinions when the storm cloud dims the brightness of the sunny sky. I have warned you, Louis, but without effect; and when this head shall rest beneath the cold clods of the valley, and this voice shall be hushed on earth; in bitterness of spirit you may mourn, that you profited not by it. God bless you, my child, he falteringly added—Should your better feelings triumph, remember that the childless 'home of the aged is ever open'—and the old man rose up, and sought his study, there to commune with Him, who had been his stay in the dark hours of the past.

Louis covered up his face and sunk back on the couch; and that solemn appeal might have had its due weight, but a ring at the door told that Osmond was below, and knowing that he had gone too far to retract, he imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of his weeping sister, and hastily left the room.

Charles Osmond was indeed unprincipled and designing but he had the art of concealing his faults beneath a veil of insinuating softness; and he was so apparently open and sincere, that there were few, but what deemed the world's voice had done him wilful wrong. Knowing Louis Howard to be possessed of an independent fortune, he had sedulously cultivated his friendship; and by the most artful professions, had succeeded in gaining a complete ascendancy over the mind of the unsuspecting young man. Step by step, Louis had been led on by him into many a scene of vice and dissipation, from which his better principles and feelings revolted, but Osmond had ever some subtle argument or specious reasonings to justify his course—Louis had already lost large sums to him; and fearing that the report of his wildness might reach the ear of his aged relative and gentle sister, or come as a death-blow to the heart of that bright being, to whom he had plighted his vows, he was in an agony of doubt and remorse. There were times when he might have burst the thrall which fettered his soul, but that the tempter left not his side; and in a moment of pride, humiliation and shame, he agreed, in an evil hour to accompany Osmond to New York. But the change in the demeanor of the loved one, had not been unnoticed in his early home. They felt that the sunny smile, the joyous laugh, and the low and tender tone, which had ever been as a strain of sweet music to their ears, had passed away—and when he forsook the roof, that had sheltered his infancy, and left the aged and helpless in their loneliness, they knew that the temple of the divinity was prostrated, and in the anguish of disappointed hearts, they 'bowed their heads and wept.'

Months rolled on their course, and Louis Howard had courted pleasure in all her varying forms. The brilliant ball-room owned his presence, and he knelt low at the shrine of youthful beauty, a seeming worshipper; or wove in the still evening hours, the wild spells of romance and poetry with which his imagination teemed, for some dark-eyed and radiant one. Again, he was seen at the festal board, quaffing the red wine, and startling the midnight revellers, with the sparkling of his intellect; and from the orgies of Bacchus, rushing to the gaming table, as if life had no business but enjoyment. But did happiness shed its magic light upon his heart? No! he sought but to bury in oblivion the recollection of the past, and urged by Osmond, rushed madly on to destruction, as if propelled by some irresistable fascination.

It was a dark and stormy evening late in the fall, and in the dimly lighted room of a gambling house at a remote part of the city, was seated a knot of gamesters. It would have thrown a chill over the warmest heart to have marked the different and terrible passions depicted upon their countenances. There sat a votary of Plutus, whose successful winnings had given a cast of demoniacal joy to his harsh and thin features; and as he dropped his ill-gotten gains into the bag, which he held in his hand, a laugh broke from him, which seemed more like the exulting shout of some demon over a fallen angel, than the sound of a human voice. And who was he, from whom the miser had won the lucre with which to swell his hoards? A husband, and a father! whose wild eye gleamed fearfully, and from whose pale and compressed lip, muttered curses broke, as he glared upon his adversary. He had staked his all, and had lost; and with the look and gesture of a maniac, he rushed towards the door; but ere he could reach it, the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he fell lifeless to the floor. All attempts to recover him were in vain.—The conflict of agony, despair, and desperation, had been too much for that proud heart; and the fierce spirit had gone to its final account. His young wife had looked for his coming through the silent watches of the night, and as the stars, one by one, went out, she sought the cradle bed of her child, and laying her head upon it, fell into a disturbed slumber; for weariness and sorrow had overcome her. Imagine the moment of her awaking from that troubled sleep, as the lifeless body of him, who had been her all on earth, the chosen of her heart, is brought into her presence—horror at discovering, that he in whom she had garnered up her dearest hopes, had been the slave of sin. Paint to yourselves the overwhelming agony and despair of that moment, for over a scene so fraught with misery, I draw a veil.

In another room in the same house, Louis Howard, Osmond and others were seated at a table deeply engaged in play. The face of the former was a record of wild and wayward passions—passions that scorned the sweet memories of his boyhood, and held no connecting link with the pleasant remembrances of earlier days. The game was nearly finished, when he sprung suddenly from the table, and grasping Osmond by the collar, exclaimed—

Oh, villain! two-fold villain! Now I see through the fiendlike practises that have ruined me; and violently shaking his arm, a pair of false dice dropped on the table. A scene of wild confusion ensued, during which a stranger had entered, and pushing his way towards Louis, laid his hand forcibly upon his arm, as he said in a stern voice—

Rash, nuthinking youth! Oh! that I should find you in such a scene. Louis Howard, if you are not so utterly degraded as to have lost all principle, follow me to the bedside of your dying grandfather—my carriage is at the door and it may not yet be too late.

Louis gazed upon Roscoe Maudant, for it was indeed that early friend that stood before him, in bewildered astonishment; but at last comprehending his words, he staggered back, exclaiming, I have killed him!

Roscoe forced him from the room into the carriage, and hoped by travelling all night to reach L— before Mr Anston died. He endeavored to soothe and console his unhappy friend, and overwhelmed by remorse and shame, Louis confessed the whole of his blindness and folly.

Oh, Roscoe! he added, in conclusion, Rosalie is lost to me forever. Even you would not give your sister's hand to one, whose fortune is impaired by gambling. Not for the wealth of India would I again touch a card.

Oh, that you may keep that resolution, fervently replied Roscoe. Neither Rosalie or myself are capable of being governed by the paltry considerations of wealth; but I will tell you candidly, Louis, that I cannot give the hand of that cherished sister, committed by a dying mother to my charge to one, who has shown so little stability of character, or firmness of principle. I am sorry to pain you, and all that I can do, I will—I will take upon myself to settle all demands that Osmond has against you; for I would rather be your creditor, than that he should, and you can repay me at your leisure. But a year or two must elapse, ere Rosalie can be yours, and you must prove yourself to have overcome that worst of vices, gambling! Console yourself however, he added in a tone of kindness, with the idea that the report of your folly has never reached Mr Anston or Adela. My watchfulness has spared them that pang.

Deeply affected, Louis made every promise of amendment—and by the time they arrived in L—, had attained some degree of composure. He knelt at the bedside of the aged christian, and a ray of pleasure lighted up the eye of the dying man, as he laid his hand upon his head, and blessed him; and then sinking back upon the pillow, fell into that sleep that knows no breaking.

Time passed on, and Louis Howard was again as he had been in the days of his boyhood; but sometimes a shade of remorse would steal over his heart, and dim the enjoyment of the passing hour. Roscoe would have fulfilled his promise, but when he sought Osmond, he had gone, no one knew whither; and Louis was hourly in dread lest he should appear, and the story of the past become known. But the fear of exposure became more faint, and having passed his probation, he was making preparations for his nuptials, when he agreed to accompany his sister and Rosalie to a ball in the neighborhood.

The ball-room was briliantly lit up, and it seemed as if some bright spirit in passing over it, had shed the glowing tints of beauty and happiness to gild the scene.—Louis stood a little apart, watching with delighted gaze, the light form of his beautiful and betrothed one, as she floated through the wreathing dance with the air and step of a Euphrosyne. But as the dance ended, and he was about to seek her side, a touch on his arm, caused him to turn, and he beheld Osmond, whose eye was bent upon him with a strange expression of triumphant malice. He turned deadly pale, and recoiled as though a serpent had crossed his path; but recovering himself almost instantaneously, he haughtily returned the salutation of his false friend, and obedient to his motion, followed him from the room.

Rosalie and Adela were surprised at the sudden disappearance of Louis, and surprise deepened into anxiety and apprehension, when the next day passed without bringing any tidings of him. Late in the evening, as they were sitting together at Mr Maudant's in a state of gloomy suspense, a servant entered, and gave Adela a note, which he said had been given him by a stranger. With a trembling hand, she tore it open, and glancing her eye over the contents, fell senseless to the floor. Rosalie hastily consigned her to the to the care of Roscoe's wife, and caught up the fatal paper; but words are inadequate to describe her feelings, when she read as follows—

Adela! dear sister! still dear, even in this moment of distraction and phrensy. I am leaving my country forever; fame—fortune—all; all are lost—and I am ruined. Roscoe will tell you the past, for I cannot, my brain is on fire.—Last night the tempter met me again, and again he sought to lure me on to destruction. I resisted, till he told me with a fiendlike laugh, that if I did not play, he would expose me. In a moment of desperation and madness, I yielded. I am lost for ever—for Osmond told me, and even now the dreadful words ring on my ear—that he owed me a debt of vengeance, for discovering his practices in New York. And on the holy book, he took a solemn oath, that ere one week should pass away, my name loaded with obloquy, should be a byword in the mouths of men; and I the once proud and unbending Louis, cannot refute the charges, for I have not passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the world's temptations. To Rosalie, I would bid farewell; but no—too pure is she, to be the guide of one so sinful. Comfort her, console her, and in your prayer forget not your wretched brother.

Rosalie Maudant's life had been a pathway of flowers, and care and sorrow had as yet thrown no dimness over her young and sunny brow. The transient melancholy caused by Louis's short estrangement, had vanished when his accents were again breathed on her ear; but now all was darkness, and no star-beam illumined the gloom. As she read the dreadful words, her cheek became colorless as marble, and one agonised groan burst from her lips; but she strove with fearful calmness to soothe the sister's phrensied grief, which made them fear for her reason, showing in that trying hour, that strength which lies dormant in woman's heart, till trial and sorrow calls it forth. But bitter as was that awful moment, it was nothing to the feelings of the morrow; when the name of their idolized and cherished one, was given to the world as the associate of gamblers and sharpers.

Two years passed away, and again the rich tints of the summer sunset were reflected upon the once happy dwelling where Louis Howard had spent his childish days. The windows were open to admit the air, and the bright canopy of crimson and golden clouds which hung above, shed an almost unearthly glow upon the attenuated form and wasted cheek of the still beautiful Adela, as she reclined upon a couch supported by Rosalie Maudant, who, changed herself, from the blooming and happy girl of other days, had watched over her with the untiring love of a sister. The dove-like softness of Miss Howard's eyes had given place to a wild unsettled glance. The many beautiful links in the bright chain of intellect were broken, and she was sinking to her rest, gently as the floating cloud. O'er that sunny home with all its blushing flowers, dark Azrael was passing; but yet awhile his pinion was stayed, as if too pure was she, that fair and gentle one, for its dim shadowing.—The silver stars began to look down in their quiet beauty, and Adela raising herself from the couch, and pointing to them, murmurred in a low and broken tone.

See! they have sent radiant spirits to call me home, and an angel's plume have given, to waft my upward flight.—Why do you weep? she suddenly asked, turning to Rosalie, who vainly endeavored to still her sobs—tears are for earth, but there, pointing upward—there is no silent chord, there no flower fadeth, and there, she added, sinking back in her friends arms, I shall see *him!* She lay so calmly, that Rosalie thought she slept; but the old nurse who had been with her in her infancy, entered, and approaching, bent over the youthful sufferer, regarding her with an earnest gaze; then suddenly clasping her hands together, she exclaimed—Her spirit has gone forever! The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be his holy name.

Brightly smiled the heavens on the day of Adela Howard's funeral, and the few friends that had not forsaken her in the time of adversity, assembled in the desolate house. The prayer was over, and as the mournful train wound slowly down the street, a stranger pressed through the crowd and asked whose burial it was?

Miss Howard's! replied a bystander, and never was one taken whose life was holier. Her brother's errors broke her heart, and dreadful will be the pang of remorse to the fratricide.

Fratricide! thou speakest truly, wildly exclaimed the stranger, and rushed into the deserted house. The once pleasant room wore an air of dreary loneliness, and as Louis, for it was indeed the wanderer, staggered to a seat, he groaned aloud in the agony of his spirit. The chair in which his aged friend had so often sat at the evening hour, remained as he had last seen it; and his sister's guitar hung as in days gone by—but silent were its chords, and the hand that had been wont to wake its melody, was motionless and cold. The birds that had been Adela's care, still carolled forth their merry song; but she who listed to those sweet and gladsome notes, had gone forever. Change had thrown its pall over all that had been dear, and he stood a stranger in the home of his youth. But one had not forgotten him—Carlo fawned upon him; and touched by the mute creature's love, Louis wept long and passionately. But the fatal word, '*Fraticide!*' had been spoken, and with the wildness of a desperate heart, he rushed from the house.

That night Roscoe Maudant was returning late to his dwelling, and as he passed the churchyard in which the remains of Adela had been deposited; he was attracted to the gate by the loud barking of a dog—he found it open, and recognised Carlo, who when he spoke, bounded towards him, and then returning to the gate, howled piteously. He immediately determined to follow him, and the sagacious animal led him to the tomb of Mr Anston, and to his surprise, he saw by the glimmering stars, that the door was open. A mingled feeling of awe and alarm crept over him; but determined to penetrate the mystery, he retraced his steps and procuring a light and assistance, returned to the tomb, where the dog was still keeping watch. They found that the lock had been wrenched off, and descending into the vault, a scene at once solemn and agonizing was presented to Roscoe. The coffin of Adela was open, and stretched on the ground beside it, was one, who, pale as the senseless clay over which he had been bending, they recognised to be the once light-hearted and gifted Louis.

The lantern was still in his hand, and had probably become extinguished by the fall, and the silence had no doubt alarmed the faithful animal, and caused him to give the timely notice which had drawn Roscoe to the spot. He had the senseless body of his friend conveyed to his own house, and summoning his wife, who had retired to rest, gave him into her charge, and then went in search of a physician. Long and doubtful was the struggle between life and death, but at last a faint glimmering of returning consciousness appeared. But from insensibility, he was only roused to rave in all the wild delirium of fever. His situation and return could not be concealed from Rosalie, and Roscoe and his wife who had watched over him during the silent hours of night, felt as the morning dawned, that the discovery must be made; and the almost broken-hearted girl was soon hovering around the bed-side of him, whose errors had not alienated from her breast, the deep, devoted love, which she had bestowed on the chosen of her youth.

From that bed of sickness, Louis Howard rose with a purified heart; but his mind was in such a state of morbid melancholy, that not all the kind soothings of Roscoe, or the tenderness of Rosalie, could remove it—and at times the bursts of his anguish and remorse were dreadful.

No—no, Rosalie, he one day answered, when she had been vainly endeavoring to calm his grief, Earth has no peace for me. When the first rumor of her illness reached me, I returned to meet, like a man, the charges which my enemies had brought against me. I thought that by honorable means I might yet retrieve my reputation and fortune. But she has gone to the 'spirit land,' without knowing how I repented of all my follies, how earnestly I longed for the sisterly kiss of forgiveness. The 'fire is indeed quenched on the hearthstone.' And why should you, beautiful and bright one, cling to me? Too lovely art thou, to have thy fate linked with that of the desolate wanderer.

Rosalie Maudant with all a woman's beautiful strength, sought his side, and laying her hand upon his arm, tremulously replied—In the days of my happiness, ere I knew that life's flowers could fade, or the note of the summer bird come with a tone of mournfulness to the heart—I plighted thee my vows, and through the dark trials which have clouded my morning of life, they have never even in thought been broken. What was it to me that the world had cast thee off, and thy star of fame had set. My love was not as theirs, and when all forsook, I clung still closer. So, Louis, she added, in the emphatic language of the Moabitish woman—Whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest there I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

Blessed creature that thou art, exclaimed Louis—folding her to his heart—and blessed thou wilt be, he added greatly affected. Though the strings of many harps are broken, there are yet strains to linger thrillingly upon the ear. And when he raised his face from her shoulder, it was wet with tears; tears such as had not gushed from his eyes since the innocent days of his boyhood.

Far from the dwelling place of his ancestors, Louis Howard sought a home. Adela's fortune had come to him, and beneath his roof might be seen the beautiful perfection of woman's earthly love. When the remembrance of the past came as the dark shading of some troubled dream to cloud his brow, Rosalie was by his side, her low and tender tones, poured the balm of consolation into his heart, and her smile threw over the future even the fairy-like tints of hope.

One calm evening, the landlord of the village hotel came up to their house, and begged Louis to go and see a stranger, who was dying, and who was constantly repeating his name. Fearing he knew not what, he immediately acquiesced; but Rosalie, grown wary from experience, insisted upon accompanying her husband. Extended upon a bed, with a face pale and haggard, and his eyes rolling strangely in their sockets, was the once gay and fascinating Osmond. As they approached, he sprang up, and grasping the arm of the horror-struck Louis, exclaimed with a hollow laugh.

Vengeance! has it not been mine? I lured you on to ruin—I saw your sister pass to the tomb, killed by you, I saw the mark of scorn upon your forehead, and I laughed to think that your hearth was desolate. I saw you an alien from your home—and, Louis Howard—the breath of spring was not sweeter, than the knowledge of your pangs.

Oh, Louis—dear Louis!—exclaimed Rosalie, seeing her husband turn deadly pale, and fearing the effect of these dreadful words—let us go, he must be mad.

I am not mad, answered Osmond, still more wildly.—Your fair fame is cleared in your early home, and there—he added, snatching papers from beneath his pillow—there! I restore your fortune. I've done it not for you; but she—that angel at your side has never wronged me, and to her matchless virtue and constancy you owe them. You exposed me, and I had to flee as a hunted being from the place where my word had swayed the minds of many; but I have had—vengeance!—And with a horrible laugh, he fell back and after a few struggles, expired.

Peacefully slept the moonlight on the distant hills, and not less peaceful were the hearts of Louis Howard and his wife, as they stood beside the departed; upon whose face was still lingering the trace of fierce and reckless passions—and by the bedside was the fatal phial, which had held the poisonous drug, that caused his death. Louis kissed the tears from the pale cheek of his wife, as she murmured the names of her brother and sister. We shall see them again, said she.

And meet to part no more, my love, replied her husband; and drawing her to his heart, he knelt by the bed, and said fervently—I thank thee, Father! that thou hast turned me from the path of the gamester, and that my last end will not be like his.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY ERNEST BERENGER, ESQ.

She faded in her beauty—like a star
Which in the distance of the midnight sky
Loses itself in air, while many an eye
Of love and hope, is worshipping from afar
The magic of its beams. Each passing hour,
The vermeil bloom of freshness fled apace
From the meek radiance of her angel face,
As faint its morning tints from summer's flower,
But on her cheek, the hectic seal of death
Burned with unearthly lustre, and the light
Which played in her dark eye, was dazzling bright.

She strove not with decay. No—not a breath
Was wasted in repining, but she sank
With all her priceless wealth of embryo charms,
As if a joyous bride in death's cold arms.
Better had been the cup she gladly drank,
Pressed to the laughing lips of other days—
But how doth life's desire and joy depart,
When gnaws the canker at the aching heart.

Oh—quench the light, which like a beacon plays,
In life's young morn, to woman's eye of love,
And let her first and fond affections twine
Around the base of a deserted shrine,
And may she find an ark to which the dove
Of hope, may bring the olive-branch of peace?
No—her's is but despair's embittered part—
A burning brain—a fever at the heart—
A stricken spirit sighing for release.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

LAND TACKS ABOARD!

TAR BRUSH SKETCH THE LAST.

BY BENJAMIN FIFERAIL.

Port yer hellum!

Port.

Kape her as she lays—steady!

Steady.

Now Benjie, lay us alongside o' that shop door, han'somely.

Whoa!

Misther Amini—Am—spake it Benjie—divil bur-ro me if I can.

Do you know a Mr Aminadab Sawyer in this town?

Why, do you want to see him?

Now what 'ud he ask the question for if he didn't? Why don't ye say yes, or no, an done wid it?

'Cause I thought if he did want to see him, might find him up to Squire Jones's where he's gone to fix his bucket rope.

No, he aint there, Mr Pimento;—said another—told me had done the bucket-rope, an was gwine up to the meetin 'us to *overhaul* the bell rope as he calls it. Says 'taint safe.

Oh it isn't, said Dennis, giving me a punch, did he tell the rason?

Yes—said it might carry away the sax'n, if twan't looked arter, an he wonders 'tasn't afore now.

Dennis threw himself back and his open mouth paralleled the chaise top—a front view of the mouth inside the chaise would have suggested to a man with large comparison, the idea of a nest of measures. The horse started at the sudden jerk of the shafts, but when a loud and indescribable laugh issued from the open portal of Dennis's head, the poor beast was astonished—he pricked one ear, then the other—then found his legs—and the way he dashed down 'Main Street,' Cedarville, was a 'caution to parents'—at least so said the next Cedarville Universal Advertiser.

The gang about the store, and the people who started out on either side of the road, made all sorts of noises, charitably intended to stop the horse, no doubt, but serving the usual purpose of frightening him, and doubling his speed. The reins he had lost, as they lay lightly over the dasher at the time of starting, and went overboard before I could clutch them. On he went—

'Faster and faster *went*
Faster and faster—'

till, just as I was about laying out on his back to get him by the head, his speed slackened and his pace began to resemble that of a—*wheelbarrow following* a man—two legs before and but one rest behind—or a dog lame of one hind leg, a step and a hop. At length he stopped short and all of his body abaft the fore shoulders, began to reel starboard and larboard, short and quick, like a boat in the short sea in the wake of a steamboat's wheels. I never saw a horse cut such quarles before, and never hope to again.

Oh, damn the baste, said Dennis, a purty dance he's led us to be sure, but he's tired of cuttin pigin wings, an now he's takin the rockin step!

Here Dennis, as was his wont when bothered, plugged his cheek with half a hand of tobacco, and went to chewing vehemently, as he knelt down in the bottom of the chaise and peeped over the dasher.

Oh murther Ben, its no wondther he stopped, his hawse is foul—there's two turns an a half hitch round his legs wid the reins.

At this moment Aminadab Sawyer ran up, and undertook to seize our house by the bitts—Bucephalus shook his head, threw up his heels—sent a piece of the dasher flying into the air, taking Dennis's face as it ascended—and then down we went, Dennis O'Dogherty, Benjamin Fiferail, horse, chaise, and all, in a heap, as the devil found sixpence.

The crowd who gathered about us, soon raised the horse—Dennis and I picked ourselves up; and the wreck inspected, two shafts and the dasher carried away, I had time to look after my shipmate, who stood at a short distance, his head down, and operating upon both eyes at once, with his hands. My God! cried I as I looked up in his face, how much *are* you hurt?

Oh, but backy *is'n't* good for the eyes at all, murdther! murdther!

Who said it was? your face is all blood and dirt; are your teeth knocked down your throat?

My eye! my eye!

If his eye is injured, said the village doctor, bustling up—immediate and skillful treatment is necessary—a—

Got the hoss made fast, said Aminadab—guess you'd better walk right into our house.

And accordingly the doctor and I walked Dennis into Mrs Sawyer's best room, set him in a chair in the middle of it, and kept out all but twenty of the crowd, which number were admitted to assist. At each of the open windows were three tiers of heads piled one above another, gaping with open mouths at Dennis as he sat with both hands up as at first, or responding in low groans, and such cheering prophecies as 'he'll never see again!' or he won't live through it!' to the poor devil's constant exclamations, Och murdther, my eye! my eye!

The doctor opened his case of instruments, and spread them upon the table. 'Mrs Sawyer, a bowl of water. Injuries to the eye, (here he raised himself and assumed a declamatory attitude,) should only be approached by regular bred physicians. (An awful squint at a Thomsonian whose head hung in at the window.) Now some linen, for compresses and bandages, if you please, Mrs Sawyer. If the Cornea should be so injured (hear, hear, from several, and 'How does he know its the corner?' from the steam doctor) if the Cornea should be injured, and the Vitrous Humor have escaped—

Och, murdther! my eye! my eye!

Don't be frightened my friend;—if the Vitrous Humor have escaped, the sight is gone, and the Chrystalline Lens, will have dropped so as to appear only half visible above the lower lid, or at one corner. (Wipes his probe, and examines the eye of the instrument.) In that case, there will be tremendous pain in the optic nerve, extending back to the brain; does your head ache? My good woman, why don't you prepare the compresses?

Want a compass?—got one here to my watch chain, said Aminadab.

No, no. (Lays down probe and takes up scalpel.) It may be a mere injury of the lid, and it will only be necessary to remove a bit of the flesh (wipes and lays down scalpel and takes up forceps) or possibly a splinter may have entered the flesh, or possibly the Cornea, or—

My eye! my eye!

We will first treat it with *aqua pura*, have you it here good woman?

No, but I'll send 'Minadab right to the 'pothecaries, if you'll set it down.

Send him to the pump—oh, here it is, all ready. (Gorry said the Steamite, why didn't the consumed fool say water an done with it?) Now take down your hands Mr—eh—

O'Dogherty, said I.

Mr O'Dogherty. Take away your hands.

Och murdther, the way I'm in!

Dennis had kept his hands tight to his eyes during the whole scene, and the strength of two three of us was necessary to remove them. We held his arms out by main strength, the spectators breathing audibly the while, and the steamite, unable longer to keep himself at a distance, jumped into the window, and took the bowl of water out of Mrs Sawyer's hands.

The doctor wiped the face just under the eyes, which Dennis kept closed so tight that his head trembled. Then he waited to see if there was a flow from them, just as I had seen Dennis himself wipe a quart pot suspected of leaking. There was no fresh flow, not even of tears—the Doctor looked disappointed, but the disciple of Thomson smiled maliciously.

Go over the whole face wid yer swab; said Dennis; and I thought I began to see something like a smile in *his* face.

The washing away of the dust, now caked on, revealed two slight bruises, one on the nether jaw, the other on the bridge of the nose. '*Bad case*, I guess, doctor,' said Steamite. The doctor looked more awfully important.

'It may be an internal injury, regular practitioners never are in haste to pronounce a patient out of danger.'

'Guess they aint, faith,' said Steamite. There was the same watching the corners of the mouth that the eyes had undergone—the doctor scratched his head.

Is my face clane now? said Dennis.

Yes, and if you'll open your eyes, and let us see—

Oh they've done smartin an I'll do that thing—and he disengaged his hands, sprung to his feet, placed his arms akimbo, and leered into the two doctors' faces—Aint I a good lookin felly, any way?

Eh-em, said Steamy, none but regular bred physicians should approach such delicate operations, so I'm off. The women gazed in astonishment that Dennis's eye balls did not fall out, and he improved the opportunity thus afforded, to take an accurate survey of all their faces. The doctor disappeared, and the only intelligence direct or indirect (he did not send his bill) that I ever had of him afterward, was from seeing the village watchmaker straightening the probe which was bent by being packed in a hurry.

The recovery of Dennis's eye sight was no sooner announced, and the guard taken from the door, than there was a rush into the room from the outside. 'Where is the sailor feller?' '*Is* his eyes good?' 'Where's Dr Bolus?' 'Why, I take it,' said the Steamite, 'Dr Bolus is *non est inventus*, as the mineral doctors say; he'll be scarce here-abouts for a while I reckon.' Here he led off in a horse laugh at the discomfiture of his rival, and all present joined in the chorus. Dennis tried in vain to make his escape—a little embarrassed at first, at being thus lionized in spite of himself. Soon recovering, he mounted in in a chair, and made demonstrations of an intention to speak.

Stan back men, said he—Aisy if you plase, jist gev us fair play. Now, what'll ye be afther, shipmates? Is it bekase ye niver saw a man before? Oh shame on yez now, 'ud ye have a felly kilt first, and smothered to death aftherward?

But like Haydn's undertaking to play a congregation out of church, the more Dennis begged them to be off, the more and more they crowded up to him—and the crowd increased rather than diminished, as the news was on the fly, that a sailor had both eyes kicked out by a horse, and was lying at the point of death at Mrs Sawyer's, attended by three doctors and two ministers. The broken chaise at the door arrested all who had by any chance not heard the news and in they turned to mother Sawyer's—all charitably bent on rendering the assistance usual in cases of bruises or wounds—*viz*, finishing the sufferer by shutting off all air from him. It began to be confounded uncomfortable.

Benjie, said Dennis in a whisper, (I stood at his elbow) how'll I scatther 'em? we'll be screwed here shortly like a bale o' cotthon. Ah I have it. Misther Sawyer! (aloud) Misther Sawyer! if yere near the dure, jist stip down cellar and clap a shore undther the deck. *Be aisy jontlemin the flure won't fall this tree minnits*—clap up two shores Misther Sawyer! *Oh don't bodther yerselves bein in a hurry now*; Misther Sawyer, pass the wor-rd out for the docther an his loblolly b'ys; *don't be flusthered now jontlemin;* there'll be broken bones here direc'ly; *don't be frightened men, don't be goin off in a huff—stop, an I'll tell ye about my wounds an bruises!* Oh but its no use, divil a one will stop now I coax 'em to, but whin I tould 'em to be off, they were for staying a wake. Och, but I'm tired.

How are your eyes Dennis?

Nicely Benjamin, its a queer way they were hurt. Did ye ever step on a loose flag stone, an have the wather spir-rt up in yer face? Jist that way, the splinter of the chaise struck me—

Do you mean it *splashed* up in your face?

No, no, Benjie, it struck my cheek, an bein my mout was full iv backy, the blow sent out a spatther—

Into your eyes?

Exac'ly Benjamin.

Why the deuce didn't you say so?

Bekase I thought I'd let the blundtherin fool iv a docther operate. Here Aminadab entered—

Well shipmates—got the rack o' your craft under hatches.

You have, have ye—well Amminy, jist tell us how the sax'n is—bad luck to him.

Well enough, I guess, why? ain't got a job for him?

I'll tell ye me darlin. Whin Benjie here, asked for you at the store, they tould him you said the bell rope had carried away the sax'n an—

Darned fules, I didn't—ony said the bell-rope might git carried away, if 'twa'n't overhauled. Say, mother, haint got any cold grub in the locker, have ye?

Any what?

Any grub in the closet.

Do you mean to insult me right afore strangers? Closets swept three times a day and washed out once a week!—Taint likely there's grubs in em—

Oh don't get in a puncheon mother, guess a flour barrell would hold you—

Grubs in my closet!

Ony want somethin' to eat—

Well ef you want to eat grubs, better go where you can find em, aint none here, I promus you. And out of the room she bounced.

While the old lady was getting over her pet in the kitchen, there was a rap, at the door, and a gentleman, inquired for Mr O'Dogherty, and was shewn into the room. 'Mr O'Dogherty?'

Barrin' the handle, O'Dogherty is my name, Dennis O'-Dogherty.

The visitor took a paper from his hat, looked in Dennis's face, then upon the paper, then at my friend's arms, and again at the paper—Beg your pardon sir, you can't be Mr O'Dogherty—a—

Is it my name ye'd swear me out iv?

Why your eyes are both there!

To be sure—

Are none of your limbs broken?

Divil a one to me knowledge.

Are you sure that you are not internally injured?

Can't swear to that, as I havn't turned meself inside out lately.

And you are perfectly well then?

Divil a word o' lie in that,—but what'll be makin ye look so sorry about it? Oho, my dear, I smoke it—yere the healt' offisher, an 'ud like to know wedther to sen' us to quarantine or not, I'll show ye I'm sound direc'ly.

I threw myself on a chair in an agony of laughter, while Dennis fell to practising some of the strangest gymnastics I ever witnessed. He beat his sides with both hands, jumped from the floor to a chair and back again, and twisted himself into almost impossible shapes. An now, said he, will ye gev me a clane bill o' health? What are ye laughin at Ben?

What have *you* been kicking about you in this style for?

I niver was quarantined but once, an that was in the ship Mentor, whin I was up the Sthraits, an the dorther there, made me exercise just that way, an I supposed the docther here 'ud like to have me do the same.

But he's no doctor, there's no quarantine here, fifty miles in the bush!

Is it true that Ben sis?

Oh yes sir, that is, I'm no doctor.

Well thin bad luck to yer impudince for quizzin me that way—who are ye at all?

I'm editor—

Edithur?

Yes, of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, and hearing of your accident, was anxious to obtain a correct account, for as has been well remarked, a lie will travel leagues sir, while truth is putting on his boots, and I always like to be careful not to abuse the public mind—publish a large weekly impression, and daily increasing—

What does all this mane?

He's a printer Dennis—prints a newspaper.

A printher—well thin, he's a right no doubt to ivery body's business. Jist say in yer next papher, that I'm kilt by the fall iv the chaise, an if any body won't belave it, send em to me. Now be off wid yerself.

During all this conversation there had been a constant passing under the windows. 'Never,' as Mr Long Prim-Hugg, editor of the Cedarville Advertiser would say, 'in the memory of the oldest inhabitants,' had the excitement been paralleled, of which the widow's house was now the focus. I noticed one fellow who passed fourteen times and looked into the windows each way, as indeed all who passed, did. Driven out of the house they were determined at all events to see what was passing in it.—At length Mrs Sawyer called us into the kitchen, where she had provided better than the 'cold grub' Aminidab bespoke,—and Dennis and I did no discredit to the dough-nuts, pan-dowdy, whortleberry-pie, and home-made bread.

Tried to coax the old lady to make some lob-skous, but she wouldn't, nor tech to, said Aminadab. Don't know whether you can eat this or not.

Wait a bit, Amminy, an afther supper we'll tell ye.

Tap-tap-tap, at the door. The conversation was intelligible where we sat.

Won't want a watcher to night Miss Sawyer? Heard the sailor man was out of his head an' took three men to hold him.

Dennis's lower jaw fell—I couldn't decide whether it was the weight of a doughnut just placed on it or not.

'Oh no, Mr Hough, he's quite well.

Got a lucid interval, hey? He'll be tearin mad when he comes to.

'Will he by J——s! Tearin mad! Thin take care iv yerself, honey! Its yer d——d impudent tongue he'll tear out!'—Jeroboam Hough, Selectman of Cedarville, did not wait to see how Dennis looked in a passion. 'What kind of a bloody pickle is this, at all!' said Dennis, as he came back from the door—'First they're for pickin out a felly's eyes, thin for puttin him in the papher, thin for puttin him in the stocks—och to the divil I pitch Snyderville, an all that belongs till it.'

Be calm, Dennis, be calm. The doctor was moved by kindness for you—

So is the cold eagle, that picks out yer eyes for his young, Benjie.

Then the newspaper man hasn't had a chance for a paragraph before, for a year—

Yes he has, interrupted Aminadab. Guess Mr Pimento's barn, burnin down last night, 'll give him a fair chance for a middlin long story. They say 'twas set afire.

A jontleman the felly that did it. I like that, but its betther it 'ud plazed me if it 'ad burned down the whole parish—a divil's den as it is. We'll look at that bar-rn afther supper Ben, an, retur-rn thanks over it—bad luck to the dir-rty town altogether!

Mother Sawyer rolled up her eyes, and began to 'believe the insane story—but the supper was got over without further interruption, and Dennis, and I walked to the barn with Aminadab for a pilot.

* * * *

This here court stands 'journed over to the vestry of the meetin'us.

To what time, your honor?

Oh right away, haven't time enough here, as all my blanks are to my dwellin house, so I say set here to adjourn.'—Dennis and myself were walked to the vestry, in charge of one constable, two or three specials, and the posse, and placed in the elder's seats, which, for the time, were made the bar. We had been called up at daylight, and arrested, the same officer serving subpoenas on Mrs Sawyer and her son. Jeroboam Hough, who in addition to being a *blacksmith*, wrote himself '*Gustus Pease*,' read the complaint, setting forth that 'Benjamin Fiferail and Dennis O'Dogharty, mariners, did, on the night of the 20th instant, against the peace of God and the Commonwealth, wantonly, maliciously and with evil intent, with fire and combustibles, set fire, and cause to burn the barn known as Mr Reuben Pimento's, to the great danger of the good people of the commonwealth, and against the statute in such cases made and provided;' or other words to that amount, which I do not pretend to remember accurately.

Now prisoners, hold up your right hands—you severally and solemnly—

May it please the honorable Court, I believe it isn't usual to swear the defendants, said Squire Jones, half rising.

I havn't examined the 'thorities, but I thought in a case like this—

It is contrary to all usage sir, and—

The Court won't submit to be ruled by its attornies—

I was not aware sir, that petty Justices—

I'll commit you, sir, for contempt!

Jones looked up a moment astonished—then a smile took possession of his features, such a smile as Pygmalion might have sported if Pandora had proved a fool instead of the bewitching creature she turned out—or, to come down into plain English, he looked as a master shipwright might, who should upon launching his craft, perceive she had a heel.—The Justice's commission was obtained for him by and through Jones's exertions and influence—and there was no little shame mingled with the anger he felt at the stupidity of the magistrate of his own creation.

The justice decided to waive the ceremony of swearing us, and proceeded, after swearing, to examine the witnesses, the first two or three of whom testified with much hesitation and solemnity, that the prisoners came into town in a chaise the day before! Mother Sawyer followed their testimony with a relation of Dennis's conversation at the table with some original additions, and the whole was wound up with the damning evidence that we certainly were on or about the spot, on the night *after* the fire. Dennis and I could hardly keep our countenances during the farce, he indeed did not, or his tongue either, but continually interrupted the proceedings with such exclamations as—'A tunderin lie!'—'Is it fools ye all are?'—'Oh murdther!'—but we declined putting any questions to the witnesses. At the conclusion of the testimony, Mr Jones enquired in an under tone, of Dennis, 'Can't you prove an alibi?'

To be sure I can prove it a lie, ivery word iv it!

But can't you shew where you was on the night of the fire?

Faith an I can, the very house, if any body will go there wid me.

No, no, you don't understand—can't you bring witnesses here to prove you were not in Cedarville?

Benjie, here a bit—and he whispered.

No! said I, don't for heaven's sake, she would disgrace you, and me too, as your shipmate. There's no need of it.

Harkee, is it a lawyer ye are?

Yes.

Divil a friend have I but that—an as far as that goes, wid his brother if ye like the family—

And that, said I, following suit with another *rag*.

* * * *

'May it please the honorable Court, said Jones, thrusting his hand in his vest pocket as he jumped up—

Are you for the Commonwealth or the criminals?

I am for the defendant, sir—

Well, didn't know how you was gwine to jump.

'The law sir, calls no man a criminal till his guilt is proved, and I am confident sir of the innocence of my clients sir,' and away he went, thrashing the witnesses like mad, ripping up their evidence, and poking sundry dry thrusts at the justice. Our battery had touched his pocket nerve.—But it all availed nothing—Justice Hough placed his fore finger on his nose—guilt wan't proved, nor innocence nyther,—responsibility of a magistrate—higher court—recognizance—

So you bind them over do you?

Yes—ch—

You a *Justice!* a d—d stupid fool! And Jones slapped his volume of Reports down on the table with a will that added a report to the volume of documents, more like that of a sixpounder than a Mass. re ——

Yes, in the several cases—

Will your honor suspend proceedings a moment? An animated sotto voce conversation between the sprig of law and the withered branch of justice, resulted in the annunciation from the bench, that no sufficient proof being found, we were discharged without bail. Knowing from circumstances, the relative situation of Magistrate and Attorney, this sudden turn did not surprise me at all—and the villagers, good honest souls, only thought the Attorney had made the case clearer to his honor.

Is it all through now?

Yes.

An Benjie is the chaise at the dure?

Yes.

We are innocent, you say?

Oh yes, certinly.

Well, I wish I could say as much for yerself, ye bloody cold Tur-rk, an wayfarin tief an highwayman! Ar'n't ye ashamed o' yerself to bodther a dacint man this way? May the sharks get yer dirthy body, as the divil yer sowl—that's my blessin. Good afternoon Misther Sawyer, an if I throuble yer town agen, cut me up for junk, an lay me up in tumble-lime—I'll stay at home an get drunk wid Bill British first!

Paying for the repairs of our vehicle, we rode off, leaving the lawyer and justice in a consultation, whether Dennis could be arrested for contempt of Court, in insulting the Magistrate after the court was adjourned, and whether, in case of the illegality of that measure, an action for assault could not be made to lay.

[Here end the extracts from Fiferail's Log, and if the reader's gratification hath been equal to Benjamin's upon seeing himself in print, we are satisfied.—EDITOR.]

Major Noah says 'How often have we stood in Broadway and seen with pride the nurse who carried us in her arms when an infant, roll by in her splendid carriage and equipage. She was a good girl and married in our father's house to an honest but poor man, who became rich.'

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1835.

NOTICE.

THE copartnership of Messrs MASTERS & MARDEN as publishers of the Galaxy is dissolved from the date of this number, and the business will hereafter be conducted by Messrs SAMUEL CONDON & HENRY F. HARRINGTON, under the firm of SAMUEL CONDON & CO. to whom all business letters will be addressed. All the present accounts will be settled by the new firm.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE change in the proprietorship of the Galaxy, announced to day, terminates the engagement of the Junior Editor; Mr H. F. HARRINGTON having purchased with a view to entering upon the profession of an Editor.

Readers, Subscribers, and Borrowers, '*We* that is *Ourself*,' *I, are off*. There's a sentence for Lindley Murray! and a glorious grammatical debate might be had upon it—were it proper to introduce such a topic upon such a melancholy occasion.

Our Business, yours and mine reader, is leave taking, a taking, which of all takings, does, as usually managed, best deserve the Yankee phrase, 'a *desput taking*;' but you and I being above such nonsense, shall manage the thing better. I have written, you have paid for it, (if you are not a borrower,) I cease to write, and you to pay me—and there's an end of the bargain so far as we are concerned;—continue the purchase at the same establishment, and I will warrant you your money's worth, as the editorial management of the Galaxy remains the same, so far as the senior is concerned, and my successor needs no puffatory announcement from any body—needing only to be known to the readers of the paper, to ensure their continued patronage and an increase.

When Sir Walter Scott and Sir Somebody Else, met each other in Highland costume for some grand ceremony, they laughed in each other's faces—and so should you and I, if we could see each other; but we *must* proceed methodically. So here goes:—

If charity for short comings—approbation and countenance when it was deserved, and censure withheld when I had a perfect *right* to it, during a *long period of eighteen months*, are claims from the readers upon the Editor of a journal, I have abundant reason to be grateful. And I am.

Now, what do you say?

* * * *

Not a word? But I can read you notwithstanding. The care with which you have filed away this day's paper, and the anxiety with which you look for number next, speak you in the best possible humor to welcome my successor like christians, and well behaved and intelligent people as you are. May he long write, and you read as long.

Good night!

*** Letters to H. Hastings Weld, may for the present be directed, 'Care Editor Galaxy, Boston, Mass.'

N. B. 'I cease to write'—Mr Weld has told you, reader—not so—neither you nor the paper will be deprived of his valuable contributions. He will still at times, favor us with the spirited efforts of his pen. H.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

R. C. WATERSTON'S ADDRESS—*on the Religious Instruction of the Young.*

Really we know not when we have met with so beautiful, affectionate and so truly *religious* a little thing as we have here. It was delivered before the Sunday-School-Society of Newburyport; and though we are no friend to Sunday-Schools, where they teach *sectarianism*, and nothing but *sectarianism*, under the abused name of religion, still we are delighted with the views, the language and the tenderness of our young author. He loves children—he understands children—and therefore it is, that his language is adapted to the simplicity and purity of their minds. Talk of original sin—of natural depravity, and all that—why children have to be *taught* both sin and depravity. They weep when others weep—suffer with all who suffer—and at the very breast, will turn away to touch their lips with tenderness to the lips of another. Nay—watch them day by day, as their little hearts flower in the solitude or the sunshine—how ready are they to give up their play-things—to share the little treasures they happen to be favored with—how delighted when happy to make others happy. No, no! —the original sin is with the grown man. The sign of universal depravity with those who are no longer children. It is the world—the corrupting world—not our Father above, that soils the invisible plumage of the cherubim that we of the earth call *babies*.

Take the following beautiful passage for a sample of our author.—'What is necessary to make a christian?' he asks. And then he answers, '*Love, Faith and Spirituality*.' And then he proceeds to prove that all these—the elements of Hope—and Strength and Humility, exist in little children.

'Now let us look into the mind of a child, and see if it have those elements of character. I believe it has, in a greater degree than the adult. I say the *elements*. They are not, it is true, yet formed into any systematic character; but the elements of Love, and Faith, and Spirituality are, it seems to me, among the peculiar characteristics of childhood.

Certainly *love* dwells in the mind of a child. All children love, and love to be loved,—and their love is ever active. We do not say that the child loves alone what is good; it is sufficient to say that it loves, and that it is capable of loving good,—and if it does not always do so, there is the more necessity of proper instruction. It *can* love, and *does* love; and misanthropy in a child was never heard of. Love is the prime element of its nature—the very life of its infant being; and in this we have one of the most necessary elements of religion.

Faith grows out of *love*; and a child has as much faith as it has love. A child never mistrusts till disappointment and deception have taught it to do so. A child does not naturally doubt. Credulity is proverbial in children. It is for men to be sceptics; children never are. Gain a child's love, and you will see his faith; and here is another element of the christian character.

But further. A child not only has love and faith, but has also, in a remarkable degree, the elements of the spiritual. It has a love for the unseen, and a faith in it. Children are always, or almost always, fond of the supernatural. Who can read fairy tales like a child? Who can believe the tales of the Arabian Nights like a child? Who can fear haunted places like a child? Who can tremble at a ghost story like a child? And all these show that he has the elements of the spiritual; for the love of the supernatural arises in the child from a misdirection of the spiritual. It seizes at the supernatural, because the spiritual is withheld. It has a love for the unseen, and a belief in the unknown. There is a spirit within the child which craves something superior to the senses. There is a sublime spiritual instinct, which God has implanted in its very nature. Perhaps no child, of itself, ever doubted that Daniel was preserved in the lion's den, or that the waters of the Red Sea were divided by the rod of Moses. A child feels that there is an unseen and omnipotent power always at work. The unfolding of a leaf is a marvel, and the wonderful workmanship of God is visible in it, and through it. His presence is felt. And he feels that God could cause Lazarus to rise from the dead, as easily as he causes a tree to blossom in spring. The elements of the spiritual nature are within him, and he has spiritual faith. Here, then, we see that the elements of love, faith, and spirituality—the elements of mind necessary to form a religious character—exist in a child.

It may now be asked—But can they understand? Perhaps they cannot; and perhaps an adult cannot. It is one thing to understand, and another to have a rational faith. We cannot understand limitless space, but we may believe in it; and it is easier to believe in it than *not* to believe in it. We can believe in the spiritual, the mysterious, and the infinite, as firmly and as rationally as if we could grasp them with the understanding. We have a consciousness within which makes us more than understand;—we know. Yes, and we know by the same evidence that we know anything—by the same evidence that the blind man knows when the sun shines as well as those who see;—he *feels* it. We believe, because we cannot help believing. The dew-drop may image the sun, and the mind may image the Eternal; so the child may image, in a less degree, the truth that is imaged in the archangel.'

Now say we, and with all seriousness too, that there is nothing in our language more beautiful than this—or truer.

But again. Speaking of the process, whereby children are to be encouraged to show themselves—to expand their little hearts, without trembling or fear, he says—

'We should not be mechanical; we should leave as much as possible for the children to do. We should win confidence and awaken desire. The true education is not to *give to* the mind, so much as to *bring out from* the mind—to quicken its creative power. All true good comes from within. Religious instruction should not be so much like pouring water into a cup, as stirring the sand, that hidden fountains may gush out. We should cultivate more the reflection than the memory; and lead children to think, rather than passively listen or repeat.

But the most truly eloquent, the sweetest, the loveliest passage of the whole, is the following:—

'Were this roof, by the power of God, to be lifted away, and the blessed Savior to stand in our midst,—and were he to say to us, as he said of old to Simon Peter—'Lovest thou me?' every pulse would throb, every lip would quiver, and the voice of every christian would go up as from one soul—'Lord, thou knowest that we love thee.' Then would the voice of Jesus come to us again, as it came to Peter—'Feed my lambs.' Yes, they who would love Jesus, must feed his lambs.'

We believe the father is unmarried. But whether he is or not, we have our suspicions that he is at least a father—or an apostle—and if not now—the sooner he is the better, and the better for others, as well as for himself. He has no time to lose. In a word—we have seen nothing, for a long while, to be compared with this little '*Address by R. C. Waterston, before the Sunday School of Newburyport*,'—for beauty, simplicity and the true spirit of what we call Religion; the charity which *hopeth* no evil—patient—long-suffering—and full of a devout and confident hope. N.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for September—

Our eye, on opening this pleasant miscellany, has just encountered a note, page 220, worth adding another note to. The author, speaking of Coleridge's Table Talk, and of the 'inconsistency between preaching and practice,' Coleridge having condemned *talented*, as of a piece with *fenpenced*, farthinged, &c—cited from Coleridge himself the following beautiful phraseology. 'The style is *differenced*—but *differenced* in the smallest degree possible,' &c.—Good! But why stop there? Why not answer Mr Coleridge's impertinence, and that of his biographer, who says that 'most of these pieces of slang come from America, by saying, which is true, that the charge is false. Talented is a *Lady-Morganism*. It originated with her—and is now employed by the Quarterly Review!—So with our *lengthy*—is that *slang*?—If so, what are we to think of the leading writers in Great Britain who use it along with half a dozen more such absurd, and now *dishonored* Americanisms?' Have they such reverence for our language, not theirs, that even our slang is converted to their own use and stamped anew. There are many more words, which we have not time to recollect now, in common use with the literati of Great Britain, which but the other day were called slang, but which in fact were hearty old English—saved on this side of the water from the emasculating process forever at work there.

The Pigs—a poem—clever.

Horsemanship—true, every word true, where it lashes our horsemen; and the catastrophe *great*.

United States Senate—Joseph Kent—sheer newspaper.

Ezekiel F. Chambers—Ditto, ditto. Elsewhere we should call this an obituary;—and yet these things are valuable.

My Journal. Waspish, and clever.

Spring Notes of the Humming Bird. Genuine poetry. See our next paper—*where*—

'The trumpet flowers through the wild vines *flare*.'

Fight of the Falls—Finely told.

A complaint against Verbiage. So—so.

The Rose colored packet. Youthful and pretty.

Sonnet—Query?

Scraps of Philosophy and Criticism. Worthy of the title.

Ocean Scenery. Respectable, nothing more.

Letters from Chili and Peru. Satisfactory.

To ——. Fine, free and graceful.

Critical Notices and the Drama. Very fair. F.

PORTLAND MAGAZINE, for September.

Here endeth volume the first!—Is it possible—can it be that one whole year has gone by since the Portland Magazine first made its appearance—blushing and trembling like a sweet girl about to be 'wooed an married an a'.' Of a truth it is like a dream to us, and when we look back upon our earliest annunciations, and reconsider all we then whispered in its behalf—we almost wonder to find it fulfilling the promises we ventured to make for it. Verily—verily they were enough to smother almost any anything. But kill or cure!—that's our motto, when a new periodical appears! and the most effectual process for bringing about either consummation, as we take it—and we rather guess we know—is to puff it sky-high, and leave the Editor to keep up his reputation—*if he can*. That's the way! Take our word for it; or try for yourself the very first opportunity you have. You have heard of the Spartans maybe? Well they were in the habit of exposing their offspring to trials of such a nature, that if they survived, they became giants of course: the feeble and the dwarfish, the ill-formed and the ill-favored perished of course—or at any rate were exposed upon a barren island, as we expose our offspring, and left to shift for themselves—perhaps we ought to say—shirt for themselves. Even so hath it ever been with us in our editorial career. What we don't strangle, we smother.—But then, we never do this after a vulgar fashion—instead of clapping young authors (or authoresses) between two feather beds, or burning sulphur under their noses till they give up the ghost and leave their treasures, tainted like that of the honey bee with the flavor of death—instead of all this, we tickle them to death, or lay them out gently, as we did with poor Doctor Graham, and as we hope to do with not a few more—in a wheelbarrow load of wild roses, leaving them to die 'of aromatic pain.' That's the way after all! But to return. The Portland Magazine, greatly to our own astonishment, has outlived all our trials—even our praise; and at this blessed hour stands higher in the estimation of—ourself—than we ever believed it would—we say nothing of our hope, when we first undertook to say what we thought of it.

One whole year!—God prosper it for another year! and another! and yet another! till the publisher, and the editor, are munificently rewarded!

And now, a word or two in a more particular shape. One remark, however, to begin with. About nine tenths of the present number, and as we should say, of the whole first volume of the *Portland Magazine* is the work of Mrs Ann Stephens herself. There's industry for you!

May Bell—Editor. Exceedingly interesting, but full of *trivial* and therefore inexcusable errors; chiefly typographical. *Holdenish—sobbin—ashured*, etc. etc. We observe too a case of a strange nature—an omission to credit Whittier with one of the most beautiful thoughts ever breathed by mortal man. Speaking of rich hair—that is brown in the shadow and gold in the *sun*. Here the marks of quotation are omitted—unintentionally we know; but so much the worse.

What is it to be Great—Grenville Mellen. Grand—vast—simple and affectionate.

Mother and Daughters—Editor. Touching and beautiful. We recommend it to all young mothers—in *esse* or *posse*, to borrow the language of the *law*—another] might say of the *bar*, as if the two words were synonimous.

To a lady—Editor. Mighty Albumish.

Sonnet on W. E. West's Cupid and Psyche—Dr Mackenzie of Liverpool.—That's the best line of the whole—by R. Shelton Mackenzie, L. L. D.—though the remainder are quite passable. The English Annual which contains the engraving alluded to by Dr Mackenzie, is the Literary Souvenir, Edited by Alaric A. Watts, and the particular volume referred to was published in 1827. West is a Kentuckian, and the *Cupid and Psyche* were intended for sculpture. West at one time intended to give up painting for sculpture, as the easier and more profitable of the two. Reader—have you ever happened to meet with Mrs *Tighe's Psyche*?—or as we have heard it pronounced, *Mrs Tiggy's Fisky*.

Record of a School—Mr Furbish. A saucy, just, and clever criticism. We recommend it to the admirers of infant schools, whether or no. N. B. We are friendly to infant schools, whenever they are a substitute for something worse—and only then.

Sunset in the Country—Editor. Beautiful thoughts 'like sweet bells jangling out of tune and harsh'.—In the first place, we hate the measure. It played the very mischief with our own poetry years and years ago, and we have neither forgotten nor forgiven it since. In the next place—though two or three passages are well expressed, there are so many sad blunders, we do wish the editor would keep her skirts free of all such galloping temptations. Why 'play the piano with thimbles?' 'Diamond,' in poetry, is a word of two syllables, not of three; so with *heaven* and *heavens*—they are words of but one syllable in poetry.

Editorial Notices—Womanish and rather commonplace.

The last page—Editor. Sketchy—[illegible]—sparkling and womanly.

And so!—success to the Portland Magazine! If the public do their duty, as Mrs Ann Stephens has done, and will do here—it will be a fortune to her, and a proud thing, not only for Portland, but for New England. Wake up, ye men of thousands and of ten thousands! Wake up! It depends upon you, whether the Portland Magazine, Vol. 2, shall be embellished with a view of the *timber lands*, the water falls, the granite quarries, and the mill privileges that have made your fortune, or not! Wake up—and never persuade yourself that such things are too trivial for your attention or your purse. Wake up!—and shell out!—as you hope to prosper here and hereafter—and *be hanged to you!* N.

LIEUTENANT BABBIT'S TRIAL. Our opinion of the prosecutor Commodore Jesse D. Elliot, forbids our speaking of his behavior towards Lt Babbit as it deserves. We are surprised at nothing, petty, irritating and malicious, that he of *the figure-head* may happen to be charged with. For ourselves, we are ready to believe anything to his disadvantage—anything that an officer or a gentleman *ought* to be ashamed of. N.

ANNALS OF PHRENOLOGY. Vol. II. No. 2.—Under the management of John Pierpont, Wm. B. Fowle, J. F. Flagg and John Flint—all medical men, or theologians at least—or something better. An exceedingly interesting number. But our notions of the several papers in it must be reserved for next week. No room this. N.

PHRENOLOGY.

A NEW ORGAN DISCOVERED.

We give the following a place with great pleasure and thank the author—which is all we can do just now—having no time to examine his view as it deserves. N.

To the Editors of the New-England Galaxy,

Gentlemen—About a year since, Mr Bedlington, of Boston, remarked to me 'that there ought to be an organ of Inference; and if there was, it must be in the region of Causality.' He requested me to make observations; I can only say, that the location and primitive nature of the faculty, has been established beyond a doubt, to my own mind for several months,—that the knowledge of it has been very serviceable, to me, in pointing out individual capacity. We observe that faculties, analogous in their nature, adjoin each other—what analogy is there between Locality and Causality?—has not Dr Spurzheim given two *distinct* powers to Causality? the power of asking and answering a question; admit that, and you overthrow one of the *grand* principles upon which the Science is founded: viz. that no *one* faculty can perform two distinct offices, or manifest two distinct feelings. The faculty is situated under the lower part of the surface, marked as being the organ of Causality, adjoining Eventuality, Locality and Time;—the faculty is larger in the French, than in the English; while Causality is larger in the English than Inference;—the French jump at conclusions, without ascertaining what will be the ultimate result of their actions—while the English on the contrary, are more considerate;—an individual who has large Inference and small Causality will always be changing his opinions and arrangements, because he has made them so hastily—while one with small Inference and large Causality, seldom comes to firm conclusions or resolutions, but is always doubting on mere matters of opinion, where he has no tangible proof; we mean where the affective faculties are similar. We have frequently observed two persons speaking, one with large Causality and small Inference, and the other with small Causality and large Inference—the former would ask questions, which the latter would never have thought of, but *to* which he would give an immediate answer, much more readily than the former could;—again, we have seen two with Causality large and Inference small, in both heads; their whole conversation would be question and objection, without ever coming to any definite conclusion. A person with Inference larger than Causality, will perform more business, after it is laid out by one who has both faculties developed, than a person would who has Causality large, and Inference small. In concluding we beg leave to recommend the attention of all friends of the Science, to this faculty.

THE LANDMARK.

A PAPER under this title, which we never heard of before, published in Massachusetts, we believe, has the following bitter paragraph touching what we have chosen to call *more orthodoxy*.

'VIRTUE IN DISREPUTE.

The following contemptuous sneer at a most praiseworthy act is from the New-England Galaxy. Such an instance of conscientious rectitude and moral courage is characterised as 'more orthodoxy,' although the public are not informed whether the individual referred to be or be not what is commonly understood by an orthodox religionist.—That is taken for granted. But when the enemies of all religion stigmatize such conduct as 'orthodox,' they unwittingly pay 'orthodoxy' a compliment which they would withhold if they had common sense enough to see and moral sense enough to feel, its application. The conduct of this young man—be he orthodox or not—is worthy of all praise. He has set an example which might very profitably be followed by many who daily live in the practical encouragement of vice, even in despite of their own consciences, for lack of moral independence enough to resist such gibes and sneers as the following:—

MORE ORTHODOXY! An exceedingly pious young man who keeps a crockery ware shop, applied to the managers of the Portland steamer with a proposition to supply her and receive stock. A bargain was made—a large amount of his ware furnished—and lo! the first thing the proprietors knew, the number of shares he had stipulated for were up for sale at auction by his authority. Upon inquiring into the circumstances and asking the reasons, they were informed by the orthodox crockery-ware dealer aforesaid, that he couldn't think of *holding shares* in a boat that *travelled Sundays!* There's for you!

To all which we say by way of reply—Hoity-toity! And so we are the 'enemies of all religion,' hey, for blowing out a piece of *sap surface* from an orthodox quarry now and then!—We'd bet you a trifle o' that, Mr Landmark; and beg leave to add by way of a postscript, that the 'Exceedingly pious young man, aforesaid, who keeps a crockery ware shop'—(It was *not* E. S. by the way, that man *though* orthodox, wouldn't be guilty of such a thing for his right hand) *knew before he made the contract* what the arrangements of the Portland steamer were, and that she *arrived Sunday mornings* at Portland—which is all she has ever done, or intended to do! There's orthodoxy for you! That's what we call *orthodoxy*—others would call it by a harsher name perhaps—that of cunning, or management and hypocrisy—or peradventure of *Jesuitism!* N.

THE LADIES COMPANION, for August, contains a *beautiful* view of the most *beautiful* lake in the world—Winnipissiogee, New-Hampshire. N.

ANCIENT PSALMODY. Before the date of Isaac Watts, the standard of Sacred Songs was rather low. Instance:

'Tis like the precious oint-ment,
Down Aaron's beard did go,
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment skirts unto.

Another instance, we give, perhaps a little more poetical, if not quite so exalted:

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your maker's praises spout,
Up from the sands, ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about!

The above from the New Hampshire Telegraph, are tolerably fair specimens, but we happen to recollect a better:—

The race is not forever got,
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battel, by those peopel
That shoot with the longest guns!

FIRST GREEK VESSEL. As the papers appear not yet to have settled the question about the *Alexandros* being the first Greek vessel that ever arrived in these United States, we beg leave to suggest—that, as usual, they are all wrong. There was a large Greek vessel at a Boston wharf during a large portion of the last war—and the commander was continually abroad in his Turkish dress. We believe too—but of this we are not altogether certain, that he was ruined, and his vessel and cargo lost under circumstances of so discouraging a nature, as to make it wonderful that another Greek should venture within reach of American hospitalty. N.

REDOLENT. Zounds! are we never to have an end of these vile misapplications! Why! if here isn't the Albion—certainly one of the last papers on earth for originating or perpetuating a blunder or a barbarism, with the following paragraph on the very title-page, '*Moore's Songs*. The following is one of a *beautiful* collection of Thomas Moore's songs, just republished in port-folio of 12, all alike *redolent* of wit and elegance.'—Take a pinch will ye?—have the goodness my dear to clap your nose to, that song. How it smells of 'wit and elegance,' hey! N.

SAGE. The Editor of the Salem Landmark, in commenting upon the Steamer Citizen's Sunday trips to Hingham, says—'It is a shame upon the city of Boston, that it should send out Sabbath after Sabbath, such riotous gangs to disturb the peace of a quiet neighboring town,' and then very gravely, and with much apparent serious earnestness, asks—'*Cannot the city authorities lay an injunction upon the steamboat Citizen*?'—Well, really, that question is a poser, but if the editor of the Landmark will first 'lay an injunction' upon the Rev Mr Cheever, we will enquire what can be done about the Citizen. W.

ODDS AND ENDS.

CLIMATE.—First fire at Baltimore, 1823, Sept 22d:—first fire at London, 1824, Sept 28: again Oct. 17th: first fire in London, 1825, Oct. 3: again Oct. 29th, all day:—first fire in Portland, 1827, Oct. 25:—first fire in Portland, 1831, Sept. 21. First snow at Portland, 1829, Nov. 7.—Kept fire in London almost every day, from Oct. 3d to June 29th, 1824: in Baltimore, 1815, we had fires till the 16th June, and at one time strawberries and snow together; strawberries from Norfolk, Va. snow from—the Lord knows where.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE. A friend of ours, a minister of the gospel and a man of unimpeachable veracity—nevertheless, underwent the following adventure. We give it from his own mouth. He was standing on deck and looking up. They were in the gulf stream. The sea ran very high, the wind blew a hurricane almost, and the ship labored fearfully, yet he enjoyed the magnificent uproar and could look undismayed upon the warring of God's mighty angels. Others were frightened, but he greatly to his own surprise, felt no fear. All at once he received a blow, as if something heavy and crushing had fallen upon him. Instantly he found himself in the water, and the roaring waves all about him and above him. He heard the cry of catch him! catch him! and before he knew where he was, his right shoulder struck the stern-rail and just prevented his being swept overboard. An inch more and he would have been lost! As he sprang to his feet and grappled with something to steady himself, he happened to look up—and there on the very top of a wave, apparently hanging right over the deck, and ready to fall and explode, he saw a huge shark—not 'darting like a spectre through the blue waters,' but literally hovering there—stationary and motionless, on the edge of a tumbling cataract and watching for his prey. No—it was no spectre! It was a monster of the deep—distinctly seen through the clear waters and against the sky, in all its alarming proportions. There's an escape for you! and what is better by far—the story is a true story, and the man is alive now to confirm every tittle of it.

AFFECTING DEATH. A story has just reached us—we will answer for its truth—which ought to be circulated far and wide through the country. A worthy, industrious young man—a printer by trade, and a first-rate workman, who for thirteen months had not tasted a drop of strong drink, though for years before he had been in habits of intemperance, which had reduced him to beggary and wretchedness, and who had now so far recovered his character, and with it his own self-respect and the confidence of all about him, that arrangements were already in train for setting him up in business for himself, met a friend—ay a *friend!*—who persuaded him to taste once more of the forbidden cup. He tasted—and was lost! Maddened with the flavor of the wine-cup, he took another—and another—till he grew delirious. A fever set in, and within two weeks, that young man was in his grave! Who was the Destroyer here?—Let him who *knowing the sufferer* for years, and all his propensities, his infirmities and his whole history, renders a bill like the following—let *him* answer the question—

Mr ——— ———, to ——— ———, Dr.

21 glasses of grog - - - - 62 1-2 cts.

NEWSPAPER ELOQUENCE. People are always trying to outwrite one another in the newspapers and magazines. Let a subject be started by an original thinker—and lo! every whipper-snapper of the age must have a finger in the pie. The overthrow of Napoleon, the death of the Princess Charlotte, the burning of Moscow, the ravages of the cholera, the character of Brougham and the character of Canning—all these are but circumstances for a sort of prize-essay among the whipsters of the press—mere hints—outlines—or texts, when about to astonish the multitude. Accident determines the judgment, and often the merest accident in the world. Whether they shall be eloquent or prosaic—impassioned or otherwise—everthing depends upon who is so first; whether of this or that side, in politics or religion.

CONVENTIONAL HONESTY. A. will cheat in making change. B. scoors to cheat in making change, but if he discovers an error in his own favor, will say nothing about it, upon the ground that every man must look out for himself, and that it might have been the other way. C. astonished at the want of principle in A. and B. never thinks of returning an umbrella that a friend has left in his counting-room, though he finds it marked with the owner's initials, and has occasion to see them every time he happens to be caught in a shower, a little nearer his counting-room than to his dwelling-house or a coach-stand. D. wonders at all three—and borrows a penknife with no intention of keeping it—and when he finds it in his pocket, expresses considerable surprise—uses it—considers it *a few*—and puts it into his pocket again. E. when he is told of these things, can hardly believe them possible—yet the very gloves in his hat were left by somebody, he never troubled himself to find out who—on his counter—though the initials were distinct enough at first: and as for F.—his next door neighbor, with whom he talks now and then, about the rascality of the rich, and the meanness of the orthodox—once found a wallet in the street, containing a large sum of money, which he never took the trouble to advertise. Neither would steal—but what they find is their own. Neither would cheat—yet what they can *get*—honestly or otherwise, by mistake or overreaching—who but they were entitled to it! Alas! for poor human nature! As for the rest of the alphabet, who turn up their noses at A. B C. D. E. and F.—there is not one of them but would cheat his neighbor, honestly if he could, by selling dearer, or buying cheaper than he, or by concealing something which, if he did as he would be done by, would have been communicated.—Alas! poor human nature! How many are there who keep what does not belong to them—no matter how obtained—and yet are exceedingly outrageous against pick-pockets, cut-purses, shop-liftors and *petty-thieves*. Alas!—alas!—poor human nature!

BEGGARS OF LONDON. These fellows are exceedingly ingenious. Though forbidden to ask charity, they plant themselves at the entrances to the park, and near all the crossings, which they pretend to sweep, and *receive* a penny from every passer by that chooses to pay—though it is never demanded. Others have matches to sell—and many are they who carry the *same 'identical'* matches from one week's end to another, and yet contrive to maintain themselves by their sale. The penny is thrown into the basket—and the matches are left there. But there is one sort of begging there which never fails to flabbergast a stranger. He finds the wealthiest running round and begging *franks* for themselves—and exceedingly respectable persons making a business of it for their friends. But we are beginning to follow that fashion here. People take it as a compliment to be asked for a frank; and the busiest—and the meanest alike—never think of refusing it.

MANURE. Along the whole sea-coast of our country—in every little nook and corner of the sea-shore—you will find oceans of sea-weed;—we have seen at least a hundred loads in a spot, drifted into some little place which a passer-by on horseback might have overlooked—this is better than any stable manure *at first*, though it will not last so long. That is not often to be had for the asking—but this may be had still cheaper, and at all times, and everywhere.

HINTS TO THE AMBITIOUS. Keep your plans a secret, whatever they are. You accomplish more and in less time—and with greater certainty. What is gained by intercommunication? Keep your thoughts caged—pampered or starved—no matter which—but always caged, like young wolves to be let loose for the arena. N. B. Never promise to catch a lion—till you are sure of him.

ENGLISH ODDITIES. Unmarried women of a certain age are called mistress there—Mrs Hannah More, Mrs Joanna Baillie, for example. The eldest son is Mr—all the others, Mr George, Thomas, &c. One knock at the door is a servant; two, the post-man—three or more, the family or strangers, according their dignity. The louder, the longer, and the noisier the rap—the greater the rank of the visiter. Everybody understands these distinctions there and while an American *always pulls the bell*—which nobody touches there unless it be a servant calling a servant—or gives a single rap, and is therefore left cooling his heels by the half hour—or a double rap, which leads the servant to fling the door in his face, when she finds he has no letter—while an American gentleman suffers in this way, a discarded footman will raise the whole house, and be taken for a man of consequence at a nobleman's door, simply by virtue of his *rap*. It is neither more nor less than a cannonade with him. People are sure to surrender to such a summons; no matter how big a house they live in. The hackney-coachmen understand this, and you often get a long ride and a most imperial, or to say the least of it, princely annunciation for a shilling; and what is still better, though getting to be rather suspicious, before the door can be opened, though half a score of footmen are tumbling over one another to get it open—the fellow is gone—or the rattle of his wheels are heard turning the next corner. All you have to do then is to see that no straw is clinging to your boots—and you are safe.

To send a man a wafer is to insult him—your letters, even the most trivial, must be sealed, enclosed in another half sheet and directed on the cover. *These things are important*. Women wear clogs at work in the fields with the men—and trundle wheelbarrows. All housemaids wear caps—most laborers breeches—and most idlers on days of special idleness: instead of the hand they give you a finger to shake—the puppies—of both sexes!

FORGERY. Executions for forgery in England from 1790 to 1818 were 148. Pardons were frequent—petitions still more so—multitudes were unwilling to prosecute, and none but the most hardened and profligate offenders were ever troubled at law. The example of Romilly produced important changes in the public opinion there.

REGALIA. The crown jewels of England were valued not long ago by a connoisseur of jewels at two millions *sterling*—equal to about *nine and a half millions of dollars*: money enough, to break up the foundation of the seas and set free the perpetual hills—in a moderate way.

PAINTING. The eyes of Sir Peter Lely are all alike—all overshadowed, and larger than nature. So are those of Sir Thomas Lawrence—though not so much alike as Lely's. And so are those of Sully. They all appear to see their subjects with dilated eyes—especially when young and beautiful. Just throw your eye on the beauties of Hampton court; wouldn't a fellow swear they were sisters, the eyes I mean? The same voluptuous fulness and shadow, almost Turkish—certainly very hour-ish—I hate the word—one is never sure of the pronunciation.

But in the deepest and clearest eyes of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sully—those 'wells of crystal'—there is a something never to be found in Lely's. You see the sun through a veil—the heart through its own vapor.

'When did the morning ever break
And find *such* beaming eyes awake!'

saith Tom Moore. The blockhead! if he had known half as much as he pretended about women's eyes, he would have escaped *that* blunder. Why, the eyes of women are never so beautiful, so dark, nor so large as when they first wake in a half-lighted chamber—refreshed by the dews of night—or the kisses of a bridegroom. There's for you—Lawrence and Sully knew this—and therefore the [illegible] you see in the half-subdued, shadowy lustre and passionate depth of their women's eyes.—Their pupils are always dilated.

INFLUENCE. Nobody is without influence. The smallest atom in the Universe hath its influence on every other atom. The smallest drop of dew that falls into the Ocean, hath its influence on the tides—the everlasting pulse of that Ocean. All bodies, whether moral or physical, gravitate toward the centre of the Universe. From the deepest vault above—the caverns of the stars—down to the lowest place of all the Earth or Sea, where trees flower to the thunder, and the coral of the profoundest depths blossoms in a perpetual hurricane—there is not an insect—an atom—a mote—which hath not an immediate and everlasting influence upon the very stars themselves, and upon the smallest foundations of that earth.

THE POET AND THE PICKPOCKET. A poet was wandering about over Ascot heath during the heat of a contested race. Pickpockets were were all on the alert, and the cry went round—watch your pockets, gentlemen! followed by the echo—pocket your watches, gentlemen! At this moment the poet felt somebody's hand in his pocket behind. Without turning his head—he called out *halves! halves!*

ENGLISH COURTESY. A bastard courtesy at best—seldom or never exhibited toward strangers, even though of the gentler sex. The truth is that in England, people have no time to enquire into the pretensions of the unknown. They have too little indeed, even to risk the loss of time necessary for turning a corner, or going up stairs to read a book or a manuscript, or to look at a picture. The difference of a step or two has often decided a fortune forever—and a single extra flight would be the death of the finest painting in the world. They have masters enough there and authors enough there already of reputation to take up all their time—cash—and patronage. Why should they go further and fare worse?—The funniest thing I saw in England was a tall fat man, in a short-jacket, with his hands in his pockets making, a speech.

THE MOON. This splendid hoax, fortunately for us, was published here too early in the week to betray us into making extracts. The author is said to be an Englishman, by the name of Locke, now resident in New York, and the affair does great credit to his talents and ingenuity. But we are astonished that any person has been led into implicit belief of it, as some of our brethren of the press have.

BALLOONING. During a late ascent from Lexington, Mr Clayton's valve cord becoming entangled, the balloon exploded at an altitude of two miles;—and descended about three hundred feet with a tremendous shock. The pressure of the atmosphere formed the wreck of the balloon into a sort of a parachute against the netting. At one time he was almost in a horizontal position to the parachute, and then, he says, 'I was dashed through the air to a point on the opposite side; thus describing an arc of nearly a semi-circle, the radius of which was about fifty feet; at the same time I and my car were whirling with astonishing velocity. While in this situation I succeeded in throwing overboard all my bags of ballast, which weighed about 80 lbs. In four minutes I descended about a mile, and reached the region of dense clouds. At this time I cut the upper end of my cable and held it in my hands, threw it over my anchor and allowed it to swing at the full length of the rope (150 feet); it was thrown at every vibration far above the level of my car. On passing beneath the cloud, I saw the town of Athens a little to the South West of me. In five minutes more I reached the ground with a pretty severe shock, sustaining no injury worth mentioning. The whole balloon, or parachute, was instantly flat on the ground, a mass of ribbands. A few dark faces (negroes) appeared at a short distance from me, with outstretched hands—screaming—frightened to death at the large machine, that came whirling over their heads, and still more frightened when they saw me spring out of it.'

We have seen an account of a Mr Green's two hundredth ascension near London, but it isn't a circumstance to these, and we can't afford room for *foreign* accounts when we have such 'transcendant' *domestic* accounts as Mr Clayton's and the following:—

'We learn from the Lynchburg Virginian, that Mr Hobart returned to that place on Tuesday last, after a very perilous flight through the upper regions. The balloon was cut from the cord at 7 o'clock, and in less than an hour landed near Walker's church, in Prince Edward county, distant about 38 miles! We regret, says the paper, that Mr Hobart has not yet been able to prepare a description of his dangerous journey. We must therefore content ourselves for the present with stating a few of the principal particulars. In a very few minutes after the balloon left the earth, it was lost to view by passing into a cloud. Mr Hobart informs us that after that time, he lost sight of the earth entirely. At half-past seven he took his last observation, when he was upwards of three miles from the earth. About that period he saw two brilliant meteors, one in the north and the other in the west—the latter seeming to approach him, but disappearing without coming in contact, very much to Mr Hobart's relief, who feared the ignition of the gas. Shortly after he encountered a severe gale, the balloon and car being whirled to an immense height, he supposes not less than 26,000 feet from the earth, from the effects produced upon his respiration and hearing, finding it extremely difficult to breathe, and being entirely unable to hear. He attempted to operate on the safety-valve, but from his inability to hear, could not ascertain whether the gas escaped or not. In this situation he every moment expected the balloon would burst, and that some of his blood vessels would be ruptured. He soon found, from the effects of the lower part of the balloon, that his

... were in part sustained. He began to descend with great velocity, and, fortunately, landed on a favorable spot, his fall being broken by a pine sapling, on which he alighted. He was hurled from the car, however, with considerable force and was severely jarred by the fall, breaking his valuable barometer, and damaging some of his other instruments.—Had he descended in the woods by which he was nearly surrounded, he thinks his death would have been inevitable; and he evidently had a very narrow escape. On examining the balloon, it was found to have sustained a rent near the top of about 20 inches in length, and several parts which it had been previously broken and patched, had all been re-opened. It is now completely ruined.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Sophia Wallingford', a Tale, and 'Not at Home, No. 2,' by Ernest Berenger Esq. next week.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.

LATER FROM ENGLAND. By the ship Trenton, Capt. Davis, which arrived here Sunday, the Messrs. Topliff received files of London and Liverpool papers to the 26th ult., inclusive. The Trenton sailed from Liverpool on Sunday the 26th. The contents of the papers are of very little interest.

The illness of the President of the Chamber of Peers had prevented the conclusion of the trial of the Lyons prisoners, on Saturday.

The report of an attempt on the life of the Duke of Saxe Weimar, is very much exaggerated. It seems that a Dutch officer in a state of hallucination, being refused an audience of his Serene Highness, broke out into violent language, and put his hand to his sword; he was instantly seized by the Duke and his Aid de Camp, and delivered to the guard, and thence conveyed to a mad-house. The Duke is extremely unpopular in Belgium.

A steamer is about to make a pleasure trip from Glasgow to Iceland—distant from the Bute of Lewis, only 400 miles. From the descriptions of that remote Island, which represent it as a dreary solitude, covered with plains and pools of burning sulphur and pitch, we should suppose the excursion would be one of scientific curiosity rather than of agreeable gratification. To those, however, whose appetite for continental novelties is sated by frequent tours through the ordinary routes, it must possess a piquant interest, unique character which the objects there unfolded exhibit.—*London Paper.*

DOMESTIC.

The public will rejoice to learn that Somerset street is to be cut down twelve feet at the highest point opposite the estate of the late Thomas Curtis. The house of Mr Curtis has been purchased by a company, and the houses in Somerset Court but the corner one, upon Somerset street, with the vacant land in the rear of the Court, owned by Jona. Phillips, Esq. The object is to lay out a street across Bowdoin street, the only obstacle to which desirable result now is the Bowdoin estate, which is entailed.

It is proposed to widen Tremont street in front of the Greene and Phillips' estates from eighteen to twenty feet. The Mayor and Aldermen on Monday next decide upon this important improvement, and we trust they will not, by ill timed economy, spoil almost the only handsome thoroughfare we have.

Beacon street is widening in front of the estate of Messrs Gardner and Crowninshield, about four feet, relieving in some degree, the very narrow side-walk at that point.—*Advocate.*

LEGISLATURE. The opening speech of the Acting Governor, on Wednesday, a business-like document, embracing notices of the most important objects before the two Houses; the Warren Bridge, Survey of the Harbor, Sea Wall at Rainsford Island, the Asylum for the Insane, Institution for the Blind, Public Lands, the Militia, &c. was laid on the table in the Senate, and ordered to be printed, with the accompanying documents. The death of the Hon George A. Tufts, Senator from Worcester, was announced and the usual resolutions passed.

Hon John Davis has declined accepting the appointment of agent for prosecuting the Massachusetts Claims upon the U. S. Government for services during the war.

There is now building at the ship yard of Messrs Brown & Bell, New York, the most magnificent steamboat ever constructed in that city. She is over 200 feet long on deck, 29 feet, 6 inches beam, and 11 feet 5 inches hold, measuring upwards of seven hundred tons. She is intended for the navigation of the Sound, but does not belong to the Boston and Providence Rail Road Co. as has been stated.

The Board of Engineers have reported that the explosion on board the Sarah was not, in their opinion, caused by saltpetre, and that no article but powder, could have produced such a result. The Board cite several instances where ships laden with saltpetre, were burned to the water's edge without any explosion being heard, as well where water was thrown upon the fire, as when it was not.

Professor Olmsted, and Mr Loomis, of Yale College, have published a card in the New Haven Herald, in which they state that on the night of the 31st ult. they saw the Comet. "*Its present position is north of the Bull's Horns,* a little below the vertex of an equilateral triangle, formed with those two stars. It is nearly in a line between the planet Jupiter and the Pleiades or seven stars, and nearer to the former."

Before Mrs Wood and the lady passengers left the ship George Washington, they made up a purse of about $200, which they presented to the crew.

Mr Charles Zeuner has given up his intended departure from Boston, and accepted the unanimous re-election of the Handel and Haydn Society to continue their organist for the coming season.

A portion of the New York Landlords have raised their prices from $1,50 to $2, per diem, and from $10 to $12 per week; and for board only, from 75 cts. to $1 per diem, and from $5 to $6 per week. Dinners only, from 50 cents to 75 cents each.

Col Austin, who is now in New Orleans, gives it as his opinion that the consolidated government is established in Mexico, and says all the country is tranquil. We find Santa Anna is not disposed to try the question with Texas, and that the dispute with that province will be amicably settled.

Charges have been preferred against the Rev Mr McDowell, editor of the McDowell's Journal, published in New York, which represent him as a villain and a swindler. These charges are made by a society with which he has been connected.—*Hartford Patriot.*

EULOGY ON JUDGE MARSHALL. The address of Joseph Story on the life and professional character of the late John Marshall, will be delivered at the ODEON, on Thursday, the 15th of October next, at 12 o'clock, M.

THE FIRE, last Wednesday evening, was in the large wooden building, corner of Fulton and Cross streets, occupied by Messrs Wadleigh & Co, on the first floor, as a blacksmith's shop, and in the second story, by Mr Charles Wright, last maker, and Mr Charles Geyer, mustard manufacturer.—*Transcript.*

The aggregate amount of damage to the building, property, &c. is about $10,000.

We learn from a passenger who arrived yesterday morning, from Madisonville, that two persons had been detected in distributing seditious pamphlets amongst the slaves, in the neighborhood of St Helena. They were immediately tried by the citizens, and the charges being fully proved, says our informant, were sentenced to be hung forthwith.—*New Orleans Adv.*

The following compliment was paid to a young American Surgeon, now at Paris, and on a professional tour throughout Europe, with Professor Valentine Mott.—Baron Larrey, Surgeon in Chief to the Hospital of Invalids in Paris, took from his coat his Badge of Legion of Honor, and presented it to Dr J. W. Schmidt, Jr in compliment to his Surgical attainments.—*Charleston Courier.*

The U. S. sch. Grampus was off N. Orleans Bar on the 9th ult. bound on a cruise to the Mexican seas—officers and crew well.

The students of Phillips Andover Academy, or a portion of them, have had a falling out with their instructors, and marched home to their mammas.—*Exeter News Letter.*

We learn from the Lowell Courier, that an adjourned meeting of the citizens of Lowell was held at the Town Hall on Saturday evening last, for the purpose of acting upon the subject of the interference of the non-slave holding States with the subject of slavery at the South. A preamble and resolutions were adopted, embodying the opinions of the body of the citizens of that place.

The President has appointed Cha's Shaler, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of Michigan Territory, vice Stephen C. Mason, superseded. The change has been induced by causes growing out of the difficulty between Ohio and Michigan, and are explained at length in the Washington Globe.

The Jury, in the case of the United States vs Caleb Miller, for bringing two colored children from the coast of Africa to be held to labor, or other words, as slaves, tried at New York, yesterday returned a verdict that Capt Miller brought the children to be held to labor. The children were then formally placed in custody of the U. S. Marshal who has addressed a communication to the President of the United States.

During the next year the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Harvard University will arrive.

The famous Albigenses, a body of musicians, one hundred and twenty in number, are about to embark for this country from Leghorn.

Campbell, the poet, has returned to London, after his long residence at Algiers, which he has spent in exploring that interesting country, where he has collected ample materials relating to its early literature, and the manners and habits of its ancient and modern people. It is probable Mr Campbell will hereafter embody the result of his researches for the benefit of his countrymen.—*Adv.*

ANOTHER OF PERRY'S FLEET AFLOAT. We have from Erie, that the schr Detroit was raised a few days since. This is the second of gallant Perry's sunken fleet that has been raised to float again upon Erie's waters. We understand that sundry balls were extracted from the hull [illegible] of which, together with the ship made in coming to [illegible], his [illegible] to this city.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, George Reed, Esq. of [illegible], Me. to Harriet Davidson; Benjamin F. Danforth to Mrs Mary E. Pinckney; Samuel W. [illegible], of [illegible], Vt. to Elizabeth W. daughter of Dr W. Spooner; Phineas [illegible] to Mary Clark; David W. Woodward to Catharine Sheridan; Isaac West to Eliza P. D. Phillips, both of Randolph; Elijah K. Rowe to Sarah Ann Hood; Victor S. Blair to Lydia C. Jepson; Joseph B. Jepson to [illegible] Ingraham, of East Thomaston, Me.

At Charlestown, Stephen D. McIntosh, of Boston, to Martha Lane.

At Dorchester, Charles Atherton, of North Bridgewater, to Adeline A. G. Melville.

At Dedham, Moses L. Hobart, of Boston, to Emily Newcomb; John Gardner, merchant of this city, to Emily Stimson.

At Salem, Edward Allen to Frances H. daughter of Rev Dr Flint; Henry Williams, of Boston, to Sarah Ann Hoskins.

At Beverly, John More of Chelsea, to Mrs Nancy Davis.

At New York, Ebenezer Munroe, formerly of Boston, to Elizabeth A. Brinckerhoff.

At Baltimore, William D. King, Esq. Professor of Elocution, of Boston, to Mrs Almira Spooner.

At Louisville, Ky. George Dennison Prentice, Esq. Editor of the Louisville Journal, to Harriet G. daughter of Joseph S. Benham, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, Franklin, only son of Moses Mellen, 10 1-2; Mrs Margaret Kennard, 48; John Copeland, 64; John Brown, 42; Sarah, widow of the late Capt Joseph Ingraham, 74.

At Roxbury, Amos Morrill, 36.

At East Cambridge, Mary, wife of Joshua Lovell, 54.

At Dorchester, Lyman Chatfield, of Roxbury, Vt. 22.

At Brookline, Horace, youngest son of Henry Oxnard, Esq. 3 years 4 months.

At Chelsea, Colonel John Sale, and officer of the revolution, 78.

At Lowell, Fanny W. wife of Peter Cate, 30; Henry Downes, wife of Wm Austin, Esq. 36.

At Ware, Elizabeth Andrews, 102 years 2 months.

At Andover, Theodore S. Wood, a member of the Junior Class in the Theological Seminary, 26. Mr W. was a native of Westminster, Mass.

At Pittston, Me, Capt Olive Jenkins, of Quincy, 68.

At Pikesville, Baltimore County, Joseph Skiff, a native of Massachusetts, 44.

In Pendleton Co, Va. Gen William M'Coy, formerly a member of Congress from that State.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.
june 20

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

ON and after Monday, 24th August, and during the remainder of the season, the Cars will

Leave Boston at 7 A. M. Leave Lowell 7 A. M.
" " 11 A. M. " " 2 P. M.
" " 5 P. M. " " 5 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.
august 22 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

REMOVAL.

CHARLES ADAMS has removed from No. 115 to No. 47, Hanover street, where he will be happy to wait upon his former customers and others who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage. He offers as above a general assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS at wholesale and retail.
august 1 is3t

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 1mis august 22

ADVERTISEMENT.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN wishing to enter the marriage state, and possessing too much modest diffidence of character to allow him to make known his intentions personally to any lady with whom he would be willing to perform the journey of life, takes this course to accomplish the object so dear to his heart. He hereby expresses a desire to unite his fate with a young lady possessing the following recommendations. She must be handsome, not beautiful, (in the common acceptation of the term,) sensible and intelligent, amiable, good-tempered, well educated, in the best sense of the word, accomplished, and of good family.

Possessing a sufficiency of this world's goods, he is above all mercenary views. Any communication from one of this description will be thankfully received—gratefully accepted—and delicately answered. Address X. Y. thro' the Post Office. q aug 29.

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.
may 16 istf

THE CRUISE
OF THE MIDGE.

BY the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' &c. New series. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 22

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

SIX MONTHS IN A
HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street, Boston, nearly six months in the year 18—: With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 ly

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c.

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m may 2

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH
MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m [illegible]

NEW HAT-STORE.

A[illegible] DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 47 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz	extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,			
100 do	do do Plain	do	do	
200 do	Medium quality do	do	do	
150 do	do Stitched	do	do	
300 do	Common do Plain	do	do	

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞ Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
73
CORNHILL.
july 11 6w
BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.
july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,
july 25 414 Washington street.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

WIGHT'S
LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES,* of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.
may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
june 6

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united;—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pongrove, Methuen Company Amoskeag and Striped Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were bought before the rise of Cotton, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. Hugh L. White, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

BURNS AND SCALDS
A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTIPHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

MAN'S GREATEST AND
—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED
SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS,

are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects, and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual suffering from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.
JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 ly

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.
Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Sewell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 88 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Covering for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

CHEMICAL
EMBROCATION,
Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.
Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

DR. J. K. PALMER'S
Compound Fluid Extract of SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and also high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaic, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE,* American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

Compound Syrup
ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 35 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Bassett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. 3t june 20

MANTEL GRATES.

THE Subscribers have just completed and have for sale, some very neat and handsome Cast Iron MANTEL GRATES, which are offered for sale at very low prices.

Also, a good assortment of Russia Sheet Iron and small chamber Grates and Stoves of all descriptions.—Purchasers are requested to call and examine their assortment before purchasing.

LEAVITT & BATES,
july 18 1mis 16 Union-street.

RESTORATEUR.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken Cellar No. 2, Congress Square, where he intends to furnish hot Dinners in every variety that can be found in the most respectable establishments of the kind in the city.

The subscriber would beg leave to say that he will spare no pains to make it every way a convenient and desirable place for those who may favor him with their patronage. ORRA GOSS.
july 4 tf

BLANK BOOKS AND
STATIONARY.

CONSTANTLY for sale, by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street, a complete assortment of Blank Day Books—Ledgers—Journals—Waste—Sales Books—Cash Books—Manuscripts—Memorandum Books—Note and Receipt Books—Writing Books, &c. &c.

Blank Books manufactured to order, after any pattern required.

Stationary of all kinds—Cap, Letter, Pot, Folio, Post and other Paper—Quills—Slates—Wafers—Ink—Drawing Paper—Music Paper—Drawing Pencils, &c. &c.

Blank Deeds—Bills of Lading—Leases—Bills of Exchange—Drafts—Warrantee Deeds—Mortgage Deeds, &c. &c.

☞ Warranted on as good terms as can be purchased in the city. 1m july 18

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 is3m

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 110 Washington street, Boston. 6m nov 1

LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

☞ Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.
june 20 ep4w

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced.

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos. in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schrœder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Men Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanaradalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
W F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Cha's K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.
may 2

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders, are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

MISCELLANY.

JOHN BANIM. The New York Mirror publishes in a late number a sketch of this gentleman, the author of the O'Hara Family novels, the Mayor of Windgap, &c. He has returned home, sick, probably unto death, and the following lines, are descriptive of the feelings of a person sighing for the sympathy and kindness of his own loved home; —though in his 'own native land.'

HOME SICKNESS.

Oh! here are not the smiling eyes,
The earnest word and hand,
That soothe the stranger's home-sick sighs
In our own native land—my dear,
In our own native land!

Friends we have found, and they have done
Kind service in our need;
But oh, not with the word and tone
That grace a gracious deed—my dear,
That grace a gracious deed!

Oh, no, not in the blessed way
That saves a stranger's blush
And smiles, and wiles the tears to stay
That in his heart will gush—my dear,
That in his heart will gush!

And at their gay and gorgeous boards,
And at their winter hearth,
We have sat down and heard their words
Of welcome and of mirth—my dear,
Of welcome and of mirth!

But oh! they echoed not the sound
Of those same words of old
Or in our hearts no echo found,
Or they were cold, cold, cold—my dear
Or they were cold, cold, cold!

[From the Portland Advertiser]

OUR QUALITY COUSIN.

Marm Peabody has got a proper sight of relations, scattered about, here and there; and some of them hold their heads up putty high in the world. There is Mrs. Joel Gibbins of Portland, and her husband is one of the first gentlemen there, for he is a merchant and lives in a fine house and has made a glorious spec in the lands, down east.

She paid us a visit this summer, and liked us so well that she staid a fortnight; and I dont know how much longer she would have staid, if it hadn't been for a north-east storm that come up and drove her away. She is a sort of cousin, in a round about way, of Marm Peabody's being akin to the Smiths and Jordans, up about Umbagog. And they are cousins enough to come three mile out of their way, every time they go to market to Portland, just to see how we do and put up with us, all night, bag and baggage.

Well, no matter how she came by it, Mrs Gibbins is marm's cousin, and so, by that means, cousin to the whole family. And that aint all,—she is one of your first chop ladies. There's no mistake about it; she is the top of the pot in Portland; real superfine upper crust: and up to all manner of gentility. I tell ye what, we had to mind our p's and q's when she first come here, or we should have disgraced ourselves directly. Hannah, my wife, was scart out of a year's growth, at the first sight of her, all dressed out in her silks and sattins, and shirt sleeves as big as meal bags. It was something just about a hair finer than she ever see before. And even I was put up to all I knew, to get along through the ceremonies, on the grand occasion. But I am an old hand at your compliments, and I give her some samples that she did'nt expect to see.

Good Lordy! just to see me at the table! setting up so prim and mincing and taking small mouthfuls. Hannah was ready to split, and had to look tother way to save laughing right out. She declares that I took two bites at a bean. But I minded well what I was about, and did nt make a single slip. Catch *me* wiping my chops upon the table cloth, or picking my teeth with a fork, in such company. Then such apologizing and politeness and poking the victuals at her! Hannah says, if she did'nt get enough to eat, it was'nt my fault. And whenever the lady said 'Mr. Beedle, I'll *trouble* you for this thing or that'—I always spoke right up with 'O, marm, that trouble is a pleasure.'

Finally our cousin had to come out and say, that she was surprised to find 'so civilized a being so far up the country,' and she could'nt invent how, nor where, I had picked up so much politeness, as I had never been to Portland.

Well, my lady had hardly been in the house two hours, before she began to ask me about the *prospects* here in the country. 'O' says I, 'pretty fair, considering. Hay will come in short, owing to drouth in the spring; but the potatoes look well, and corn is going to turn out a grand crop.'

'Mr. Beedle,' says she, 'I have heard before, that you was a funny man. I am going to look for myself.' —with that she claps on Marm Peabody's old sun-bonnet, and out she goes, dragging wife and me after her, through the fields. And away she streaked it, through bush and briar, and over fence and stone wall; 'twas neck or nothing, but no whoa. And her tongue was running, all the time, as fast as her legs, every mite and grain. Sometimes I understood what she said and sometimes I did nt. But when I did'nt understand, I made as if I did, and she was none the wiser.

'Mr. Beedle,' says, she, 'don't you admire the beauties of the country?'

'I used to, marm,' says I, 'before I was married; but now, you know, that won t do at all.'

'O, you are a queer little man, always thinking of the girls,—I am speaking of the beauties of nature.'

'O ho—you mean the beauties of nature. Sartain, I admire the beauties of nature, and always did,'

By and by we got to the top of Bare-back hill, and all at once she began to play such antics that I thought she was stung by a bumble bee. 'My stars,' says she, 'what a charming prospect!—Beautiful, delightful, pictorickstick! Come here, good folks. This is the spot to look from. Is'nt that enchanting?'

At this Hannah she stretched her neck and stared all round, without saying a word for she could make nothing out, and she did'nt know how to hide her ignorance. But I blarted right out. 'Ooooo! I sniggers!' says I 'if that don't take the rag off the bush. That bangs every thing. It's equal to cash.'

'I don't see nothing John,' says Hannah says she, 'what is it?'

'Why look,' says I 'can't you see with your eyes?'

'Whare, where?'

'There, there,' says I, and give a sort of a jupe with my head: for I could nt point any where particular. I had both hands in my pockets. But Hannah would'nt be quiet. 'Shew me what it is, John this minuit,' says she; and so she kept worrying and teazing me, till our cousin spoke up, and says she, 'is it possible, Miss Beedle, that you have lived here all your life time and never found out the beauties of this spot?' 'yes,' says I, 'is it possible?'

Hannah, now begun to get riled, as I see plain enough. Whan her upper lip begins to curl over downwards, there's no joke in it. But Mrs. Gibbins took her by the hand, and spoke so kind and suant, that she soon brouhgt her to reason. And while she was pointing out and shewing her how many hills and hollows and woods and meadows it took to make a prospect, I had a chance to breath a little. But I had hardly time to think how nicely I had walked over that pole before the lady burst out again;—and this time, she fairly screamed. Faith, I'd a good will to cut and run; for thinks I, 'I shall never be able to hoe my row through another *prospect* as long as I live.'

But it was nothing after all—great cry and little wool. It was only the sun-setting. It come out of a cloud and shewed a great red face about two minutes and the went down behind the White Mountains. And our cousin made as great towse about it as if heaven and earth was coming together.

However, our cousin is a right down nice, clever woman, any how. Hannah got more than one new wrinkle, while she staid. She learnt her to sing and wanted to learn her to play the pyanny, but had'nt the means. O, she sets every thing by Hannah. But she did'nt like our calling one another 'John and Hannah.' Says she,' you should say my *dear* and my *love*.' But the first time we tried to practice *dearing* and *loving*, we burst right out a laughing in each others faces, and there was an end on't. Says marm says she, 'they'll never swallow that no how. It wont go down.'

When she was going away, she insisted upon it that we must come down to Portland and pay back her visits. She says I shall be a lion when I get there, and take the shine off all the Portland gentlemen. But she was always joking and jesting with me, and I don't know, half the time, whether she means what she says or no. Any how I mean to let my whiskers grow (I cut them off last spring at sheep-shearing) and see what will turn up next winter, when the sleighing comes round. Who knows?

THE WHOLE LENGTH. 'Boo-wo-oo-oo-oo,' said a little urchin one day, as he came crying to his father. 'What's the matter, sonny?', inquired the compassionate parent. 'Why, I down on the pavement my whole length.' 'Your *whole length*; well, that aint much.' 'Much or not,' said the lad, 'I'm six feet, *lacking a yard!*'—*Norfolk Advertiser.*

[From the Baltimore Young Men's Paper.]

RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN.

CHAPTER I.

And away rode Richard of Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter Jane.

OLD SONG.

'Hold up thy head Dick,' said the widow Heathcote, as she carefully parted the curling hair upon the ruddy forehead of her son; 'hold up thy head, cant thee; be still and don't fidget about so—there—put up thy collar a little more—that will do; now come here—thy neckerchief is all awry—so, if thee does not win Miss Jane, now, why—'

'Why mother!'

'Why she does not know a handsome man when she sees him, that's all!'

'La! mother! I—'

'Be quiet Dick, and do not look so simple—have not the girls from Crockenhill and Oakenden all the way up to Farnbro' been primming their mouths and looking aside at thee? and did not Biddy Plummer, no later than Thursday last, as I was passing through Market meadow, tell me that her daughter Hannah thought thee the handsomest man, she had ever seen except poor Ned Allen, who was drowned in the mill dam last Christmas was a year? so put on thy spurs and away to the Parsonage; Jane won't refuse thee, surely, I know.'

'Well now just as you say; but I say mother, what shall we talk about when I get there—eh?'

'Did ever any one hear the like! are thee not of age, with a good farm for thy portion; that Deacon Trippleton says may be valleyed at a great deal more than it is worth? Why, there's Zea Greenhill, that married squire Dyke's daughter Mary—and a forward chit she is too, I warrant me—when Zea married her he had not half so much land as thou hast—to be sure, he dress'd finer but he was no better for that; and he had more schollarship, but schollarship is not to be compared with good solid acres; for why? men have empty pockets now-a-days with the one, and full barns if they are wise with the other.'

Before we proceed farther, permit us, gentle reader, to describe the personal equipment of Richard Heathcote, at the period to which we are referring. He wore a straw hat, encircled by a broad black ribbon; his shirt collar was thrown open, while a black and white neckerchief was tied loosely around his neck, more for ornament than service, the two ends of which hung dangling over a buff waistcoat. His coat, of a bright green color, was cut short and somewhat broad behind, and garnished with blazing metal buttons; his nether integuments were of buckskin, laced jauntly at the knee, with yellow ribbon—add to these blue stockings and top boots, attached to which were an enormous pair of spurs, and our hero stands completedly accoutred before you.

'What you say, mother, is all very true for that matter, and as hay can t be made in rainy weather, I have told Harry to bring me out old Dapple as soon as Jack Styles has finished his shoeing and—ha! here he comes. good bye, mother! there's no harm in asking Jenny, any how.'

CHAPTER II.

'Hollo! house! house!

'Who calls?'

'That's a putty question to ask! can't you come and see? make haste now, and don't keep Dapple standing so long at the gate—there, that will do—take him into the stable and rub him down; as soon as he is cool enough give him some water; then come in and let me know and I will tell you what to do next. Is your young mistress in?'

'Who, massa?'

'Who, Massa! when will you answer a straight forward question? who? why Miss Jane; is she at home I say?'

'Don't know, Massa.'

'Don't know! well, here take old Dapple and march off—that's just the way with these niggers, ask them a question they 'don't know, but if there is any-thing you wish to keep a secret they know more of it than you do yourself—Say boy!'

'Sir.'

'Show me into the parsonage; make haste! now one would think you had been walking beside a plough all your life, you move so slow; now go and tell Miss Jane, Richard of Taunton Dean is in the parlor waiting to see her. After all, this is a purty place Jenny lives in, and if I can only get her to come to the Farm house, what with mother, and cousin Mary, and Jenny and I, we will have glorious times there.'

'Well, Richard!'

'Well, Jenny! how d'ye do? right hearty, eh? you look well—terrible warm day this, aint it?—crops are promising in Taunton, how are they here? Oh, Harry Whittle's right down ill—you know Harry don't you? lives up by Bartow's, in that white house, long side the hazel copse leading to Chiselhurst; it makes a person tired to stand long don't it? let us sit down on the sophy yonder; I have got a sight of things to tell you.

'But what has brought you from Taunton, Richard?'

'Why old Dapple had nothing to do, and the men on the farm did not want me to day, so I thought I mought as well set out and see you. Mother and cousin Mary send their love. Mary is going to be married soon; have you heard of it down these parts? fact! Young Wilson of Apple Cross is about to take her home.—Taunton will be a monstrous lonely place when she leaves us—I go whistling about the farm everlastingly now, but then I shall have no one to whistle to; so I thought if a—a—a—I say Miss Jane, did you tell that critture of yours to come footing it into this room?'

'No, certainly not!'

'Then, I say, mister, just please to walk out and shut the door after you; for, if I be obliged to use obstruperous measures, you wont be able to find yourself till after harvest, and that is not pleasant.'

'Mister Heathcote!

'Sit still, Jenny and please dont Mister me; I am plain Dick or Richard, just as you say; but I see how it is, these disgracious varmints are always prying into things totally unconcernable to them. I expect they can t help it, after all; its in their nature, and its out of all reason to think of making good fires out of marsh wood.'

'But to the purpose of your journey.'

'Oh, aye!—Where was I—right—as I am saying, Mary is going to leave us—that cousin of mine is a fine girl, Jenny; she has always been brought up at Taunton, so that you see that I have known her ever since she was about so high. Many a pleasant walk we have had together, and as Mary grew up we were more like brother and sister than cousins. I tell you that—though I say it myself—there is not a purtier girl any where round Taunton than our Mary.'

'You are straying from the purport of your journey, Richard.'

'Ah! not keeping to the pint—well, now that's true, it is strange, isn't it, how a person's ideas will wander? Talking of that puts me in mind of being down at Orpington last election, where I heard one of the candidates circumnavigate a question first rate, I tell you!'

'Circumnavigate?'

'Yes! he sailed all round the pint he was aiming and never once touched it was'nt that clever? I swan! Jenny, that's a right down purty gown of yours, raaly; how much mought that ribbon cost?—a sight of money, dare say. —Any good Mills to be had down these parts? Harry Hopper told me to look out for one either to sell or to rent—you are acquainted with Harry aint you; married Deacon Trippleton's Susan, strange girl that Susan—stands as high as a worm fence and about as crooked—oh, ha! how is your uncle Nathan? I heerd of his taking widow Jonas to wife—shame that, wasn't it? what *can* old people like them want to get married for? it is enough for young folks such as we to do; I say, Jenny, how do you like Taunton Dean?'

'It is a very pretty place.'

'So I think, and if the old Farm house was put in good repair it is a right comfortable place for a body to live in, is it not?'

'Very.'

'That's a fact: strange now how we jump together in our ideas; you are very much like our Mary—how would you like to—to—Well, now I declare, if that condacious critter aint riding Dapple as fast as a steam engine. Just let me open the winder a little: Hollo! you, Mister! if you don t want to swally a thunder-gust you'll put Dapple back in the stable right off. I tell you what, stranger, it will be great for you if you do not get christianized yet before I go, so mind. Them niggers of yourn, Jenny, are right down surcy, ours at Taunton are the supplest set you did ever see. Don't you think Taunton Dean would be better for your health than down these parts?'

'I enjoy very good health here Richard.'

'Oh, I dont say that, but then you know it would be would be so pleasant to have you up at the house; so that we mought ride about together in summer and go sleighing in winter; if so be that—if so be that—that—that—mercy! what a great spider that is crawling along outside the winder—need'nt look he's gone now; but to come directly to the pint. Taunton Dean is a purty place, that's agreed on, cousin Mary is about to depart for Apple cross which will leave mother and I right lonely; the house is a good house, but wants a mistress; mother is getting old, besides the rheumatis troubles her at odd times, so that you see things are likely to go crooked; now I am old enough to get married and out of all the girls I know I should best prefer to—to—to—He! He! He! I swan! Jenny, but you look purtier just now than our Cousin Mary; I was going to say that with mother's consent I have called to ask if—if—if you—would—have any objections—to—to—becoming—young Mistress Heathcote of Taunton Dean.'

'Really; Richard, the question—that is—I am very sorry; but it cannot be—I am sensible of the honor—but—'

'Eh?'

'It is—quite—impossible now; quite impossible.'

'Oh, how you talk! eh? you little rogue! He! He! He! you are only funning me! He! He! He! eh! aint you now?'

'Indeed, indeed I am not; I am gratified, extremely so, and yet—I am very sorry for your sake, but—the truth is—a—a. I—I—am already engaged!'

'You don't say so! what, realy right up and down? Oh! come now, you are only jesting with me; is it so aint it?—do say yes'—oh, Jenny.

'True, true indeed!'—

'Then good bye, Jenny!—good bye,—God bless you! I thought you would have made me a happy wife; but I see, I see—that's just the way with me—I never set my heart on any thing but I am sure to lose it—there, don't cry now—if he should not happen to marry you after all, just let me know, and I will saddle Dapple and be with you immediately. Good bye Jenny! I have not much more to say, that, married or unmarried, you may always count upon Taunton Dean as a home, and Dick Heathcote as a friend.'

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

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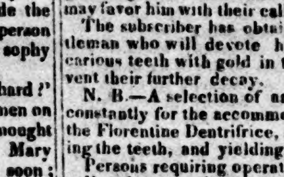

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july 11

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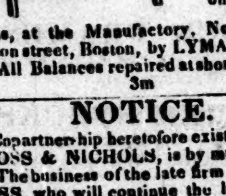

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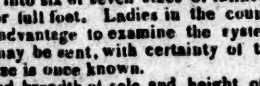

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june 27

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk-street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following;

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are warranted all pure linen. may 23

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,

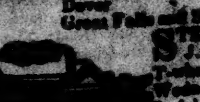
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25



STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 56, Washington street. may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THREE TRIPS A-DAY.

THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber. DAVID WHITON, Agent.

Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co. may 2

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city Also a general assortment of Shoe stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B; Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Guaging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.

The work will be comprised in about 300 pages of the duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.

The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS, and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers of School Books, Boston.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited. june 6

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati praeponenda sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

BENJAMIN WILLIS,

DRAPER AND TAILOR,

No. 2, TUDOR'S BUILDINGS, COURT SQUARE, TWO DOORS FROM COURT-STREET, BOSTON,

MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the Shop lately occupied by Andre & Lovell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage

B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased elsewhere in the city

☞ Particular attention paid to CUTTING, and in workmanship, style, or fit, there will be ☞ "*No Mistake.*"

august 22 6t

GRATES, GRATES.

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. 16, Water street. offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use.—Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.

august 22 3m

APPROVED

SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the more extended Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement carefully revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the 'English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the schools in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the use of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Alderman's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuity and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in attention to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of the facilities which this volume is designed to supply. The rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil is thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty [illegible] pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston. 6th stereotype edition. Price neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempt at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the Models of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞ As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞ The same author has in progress, a second part or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. eopis3m may 8

GOSLING'S PATENT FRENCH CHEMICAL

BLACKING.

THE undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its environs, that they have arrived in this city, to receive orders at wholesale for this excellent article. The various compositions now in use for polishing Boots and Shoes, have long been complained of as causing the leather to crack and become reddish. The undersigned have, however been so fortunate, as to discover a process that will supercede those rather expensive compositions, to with a kind of Paste, which not only possesses the virtue of preserving the leather, and of giving it the most brilliant black, but requires only one fourth of the common labor, it will not soil the whitest linen—renders the leather water proof, is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate, and to increase in beauty by age; its peculiar fragrance will easily distinguish it from spurious compositions. We have in our possession upwards of 1000 Certificates, some from the first nobility in France, as well as from the republicans in the United States, and from many of the most eminent professors of Chemistry. To introduce this article to the public, Messrs. G. & Co. will supply this celebrated article at the same price as the common Blacking now in use. To prevent counterfeit, each box is marked with the signature of

L. GOSLING & CO.

All orders left at the Eastern Stage House, No. 84 Ann street, will be punctually attended to.

☞ Reward of $1000 is offered by Messrs. G. & Co. to any person who will produce an article of better quality. july 25

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Poult de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from Milk-street to No. 20 Spring-street, within one door of Spring Place, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 3t august 22

REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.

july 11

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 18, Washington street. june 9